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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

LOUISA J. ROBERTS

WITH

EXTRACTS FROM HER JOURNAL
AND SELECTIONS FROM
HER WRITINGS.

PREPARED BY REQUEST.

Philadelphia:
PRESS OF ALFRED J. FERRIS,
29 NORTH SEVENTH STREET.
1895.

BX7795
R62A3

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ERRATUM.—On page 93 the date 1891 under the heading should be 1871.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.
EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL.
LETTERS FROM THE WEST.
SUMMER RECREATIONS.
TRAVELLING WESTWARD.

I have but thee, O Father! Let thy spirit
Be with me then, to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through thy abounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place:

Some humble door among thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's great expansions
The river of thy peace.

—WHITTIER.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

In Sussex County, State of Delaware, ebbs and flows with the tide the placid but sluggish river Nanticoke. A few miles below Seaford, an important trading town, is located a village formerly called Cannon's Ferry, but since the death of the Cannon brothers (Isaac and Jacob) from whom it took its name, it has been known as Wooddale. This was the birthplace of Louisa Jewett Raymond, daughter of Nathaniel Lynde, and Sarah Ann Raymond, who was born on the 21st day of Second month, 1819. She had two brothers, one older, the other younger than herself; they both died soon after entering their fourth year.

Louisa's father was a descendant of the Raymond family who first settled on Block Island, off the coast of Rhode Island, but afterward removed to New London, Connecticut, and from thence to the town of Montville, where Nathaniel was born. Her mother was the daughter of John and Nancy Martin, who resided at Seaford. John was a descendant of a family of Friends who lived in New Castle, Del. Louisa's father was a sea-captain and traded principally between Baltimore and the Bermuda Islands. When she was about three and one-half years old her father died of bilious fever. This sad event broke up the home, and she with her mother removed to Seaford to reside with her grandmother Martin; they later removed to Laurel, Del. When Louisa arrived at the age of twelve years, both mother and daughter went to Lebanon, Conn., in order to secure for the latter the advantage of a better education than the schools of Sussex County at that time afforded. Louisa remained there two years with her grandmother Raymond and her family of grown-up sons and daughters.

In 1832 her grandmother Martin died with what was supposed to be the cholera. This event seemed to make it necessary for her to return to Delaware with her mother. On arriving there they found family affairs in such an unsatisfactory condition, that they immediately removed to Philadelphia, bringing with them a colored woman (a slave) as their share of the estate. She was set free, however, on their arrival in the city, but remained with them as their servant for two or three years.

Louisa then opened a primary school in Carpenter Street, which proved very successful, and in the meantime took instruction in a finishing school conducted by Mr. Cushman, a Baptist minister.

In 1837 she took charge of the girls' department of a school conducted by Spencer Roberts. After three years of close intimacy and companionship they were married Eighth month 6th, 1840.

About this time the public school system was introduced, and in the years 1841 and '42 two of these schools were opened in their immediate neighborhood, which so depleted their school as to make it necessary to discontinue it. Louisa, however, continued teaching, while her husband studied the profession of dentistry. In 1848 the gold fever broke out in California, and Spencer was induced by two of Louisa's cousins, in Second month, 1849, to give up his practice and go with them to that far-off land in search of gold, thus becoming one of the pioneers now so widely known as the men of "'49," and he was one of the original voters for the Constitution of the State of California. Louisa and their two children were left with her mother. This separation was keenly felt by both, and the husband's feelings are pathetically voiced by the wife in this—

THE GOLD HUNTER'S SONG.

I've tossed upon the stormy deep
When wave on wave rolled mountain high,
Have seen that same sea, tranquil sleep,
As placid lake 'neath summer sky.

I've climbed the mountain's rugged height,
Where foot of man hath seldom trod,
I've wandered through their valleys bright,
With sparkling brooks and flow'ry sod.

I've tracked the lonely desert vast,
Beneath a burning noontide ray,
At eve have calmly sunk to rest,
Far from the busy world away.

Nature, in fairest beauty drest,
Hath o'er my way her garlands strewn,
While far above, the snowy crest
Of Mount Nevada glittering shone.

I've borne privation, toil and care,
My star of hope hath oft been dimmed
By clouds and tempests gathering, where
Bright sunlight only should have gleamed.

And all for gold, for glittering sand
I've bartered all the joys of home,
Self-exiled from my native land,
Wide o'er this western world to roam.

Home! cherished word; at thought of thee,
The gushing heart beats warm and high,
While swift-winged fancy, bounding free,
In airy visions brings thee nigh.

Home! sacred spot; where centres all,
To life, to love, to memory dear,
How oft thy pleasures I recall,
And sigh to find them wanting here.

Oh who, that on life's waters dark
Doth brave the billow's angry foam,
Longs not to moor his beaten barque
In thy safe harbor, home, dear home!

After an absence of about two years Spencer returned to Philadelphia and resumed the practice of his profession.

Under the training of a devoted Christian mother, Louisa early embraced the religious doctrines of the church as she then understood them, and when about fifteen years of age she united with the Baptists and was baptized in the Schuylkill river within the Arsenal grounds, above and near Gray's Ferry bridge. She remained faithful to her church obligations until after her mother's death in 1856. In the meantime her mind had been brought in touch with the religious views as held by Friends, the force and consistency of which led her to leave the church in 1857, and make application for membership therewith, and after a few years she became an earnest advocate and exponent of the doctrines and principles of her adopted society. She was one of the first to encourage the establishment of First-day schools, and in the year 1861 she, with her co-laborer Jane Johnson, started the first school in Philadelphia at Green Street meeting-house, where she assiduously labored in the cause through the remainder of her life.

In the latter part of the year 1862 she met with a sad bereavement in the loss of three precious little boys with diphtheria, the narrative of which is given in her Journal. Keenly suffering from the effects of this great affliction, she turned her mind for some relief to philanthropic work, and being very much interested in the Friends' Freedmen's Association, an organization instituted for the relief of the colored people during the time of the civil war, she went under its auspices to Washington, in the summer of 1863, to labor among the refugees on Mason's Island, in the Potomac opposite Georgetown. She obtained from the Government free transportation for about seventy-five of these at different times to Philadelphia, where homes were secured for them in and around the city. Always interested in the poor she later became an active worker in the Society for Organized Charity in Philadelphia, out of which grew the necessity for the care of small children while their mothers were employed in earning a livelihood. Thus originated the idea of opening the "Northern Day Nursery," of which she was the President from the date of its organization until her death. She was also an active member of the "House of

Industry," on Green Street, near Seventh, for the employment of poor women.

About the year 1875 she was called to assist the small band of earnest women who were engaged in editing the *Friends' Intelligencer*,—now *Friends' Intelligencer and Journal*,—a work for which she was well qualified, and which position she held to the time of her death. Her contributions to its pages were varied and extensive, and devotion to its interests became one of the pleasant duties of her declining years.

Always alive to the needs of the children, she was one of the pioneers in the establishment of the children's paper, "*Scattered Seeds*," and from its first issue till she passed onward, she constantly contributed to its pages under the endeared name of "Aunt Karlie." A member of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, she was ever careful that whatever she wrote upon the works of nature should have the merit of accuracy, and she greatly enjoyed her visits and researches at the Academy, and the children profited by her investigations of scientific truths so far as she was able to pursue them.

She was a devoted worker in her religious Society, and served Friends faithfully in many capacities, being long an active member of the Representative Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, as well as of other committees. She was deeply interested in the Educational Committee, being one of its first members, always enjoying her visits to the various schools, keeping pace with the continual advancement made since her own teaching days. She was always deeply concerned for the guarded care and education of Friends' children.

At the time of her death she was an active and most valuable member of the Committee for the Revision of Discipline.

Although physically weak, her energy and will power enabled her to overcome many difficulties that seemed to stand in the way of required duty. She traveled extensively, visiting each of our seven Yearly Meetings, and some of them several times; she took a very lively interest in isolated Friends of the West, and visited most of the families in Nebraska, encouraging them to hold religious meetings even if there were but few in numbers in any neighborhood. These occasions were always very satisfactory to herself as well as to those with whom she mingled, and her letters published in the *Intelligencer* giving an account of these travels and visits were interesting because of her aptness in describing scenes and incidents. Her powers of observation were unusually quick, and her mind embraced many things that others would scarcely notice, her versatility in this respect being very remarkable.

In the summer of 1890 she was far from strong in body, but her mind was unusually bright and active, and her buoyancy of spirit well fitted her to enjoy the fiftieth anniversary of her wedding. The following account of this happy occasion appeared at the time in *Friends' Intelligencer and Journal:*

"A GOLDEN WEDDING.

"On the afternoon of Eighth month 6th, 1890, between the hours of three and seven, there was a constant procession of the friends of Spencer and Louisa J. Roberts, passing in and out of their hospitable home, 421 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, the day being the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage.

"To see this—shall we say aged?—couple, who had trodden life's pathway fifty years together, surrounded by so many friends, and looking so youthful and happy that the gray hairs seemed not to betoken length of days but only to add brightness to them, was indeed a pleasure to those assembled. From far and near came the guests to the number of one hundred and fifty, and many that could not come sent messages of love and congratulation, for their circle of appreciative friends is widely extended. The constant hum of mingled voices, as memory recalled many pleasant times spent with this genial couple, was stilled only to hear the reading of appropriate poem or literary greeting, or to affix signatures to an improvised certificate.

"And not alone were the pleasant times and loving deeds recalled to memory, but feelings too deep for utterance were stirred at thought of the seasons of trial and of sorrow that come to every heart in a period of fifty years, and of which this worthy pair had their full share. But the chastening Hand has been tempered with mercy, and naught remains but the tender memories and heartfelt thanksgiving.

"The pleasures of the day will be long held in remembrance, as those favored to be present will recall the pleasant parlor almost embowered with flowers rich in fragrance and rare in beauty and variety, yet the central pair the richest and rarest of all, for have they not stood the crucial test of years? As Friends we can thank them for the lessons of love and duty their fifty years have taught us, for their honest lives, lived not for selfish ends, but to promote the good of all.

"May many years be yet added to those that have been already granted, and when at last the 'beckoning angel' comes, may it be but as a golden sunset to a well-spent day."

The few remaining years of her life after this important event were devoted to social and religious visiting and to philanthropic work. In the Eleventh month, 1892, she had a severe illness, from the effects of which she never entirely recovered. While on a visit to her son at Glen Ridge, N. J., in First month, 1893, she was almost entirely confined to the house, and was threatened with pneumonia or inflammation of the right lung, which, however, yielded to prompt treatment. It was while yet in bed there that she wrote her last poem, entitled, "Resignation."

In the first week of Third month she returned to Philadelphia to prepare for a visit to the colored schools of Mount Pleasant and Aiken in South Carolina. On the morning of the eighth she went to the office of the *Intelligencer and Journal*, being still interested in its proof-sheets, and soon after her return home was taken ill. After much suffering caused by an obstruction, and finally a rupture of the stomach, she departed this life the same evening at 10.30 o'clock, aged 74 years and 15 days.

Thus on Third month 8th, 1893, closed the life of one of whom it could truthfully be said, "None knew her but to love her." The silver cord was loosed, the golden bowl was broken, the pitcher was broken at the fountain, and the wheel broken at the cistern.

> The dust returned to the earth as it was,
> And the spirit returned unto God who gave it.

It was fitting that a large company should assemble at Fourth and Green Streets in that ancient meeting-house she loved so well, and where she had so long labored, on Third-day, Third month 14th, at 11.30 A.M., to pay her the last mark of respect. There they could all look on the beloved face, as it lay so peacefully in the casket. Testimonies to her worth were borne, and exhortations offered, by a number of Friends; and many sat silent, yet with hearts filled with thankfulness for the privilege of having known and loved and been helped by the noble and courageous spirit of Louisa J. Roberts. Her remains were laid in the Friends' ground at Fair Hill beside those of her father, mother, and four of her children.

From the many tributes to her memory, the following, from the *Intelligencer and Journal* for Third month 18th, 1893, and also the memorial prepared by direction of Green Street Monthly Meeting, are appended.

FROM "FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER AND JOURNAL."

"'Passing onward' is the one expression that is ever true. That 'we have not here an abiding city' is evidenced to us, day by day bidding us watch over our lives, keeping them unspotted and ready to be given up when the Father calls us to inhabit those other mansions prepared for us. Suddenly this call came to our beloved co-worker Louisa J. Roberts, finding her ready to enter into a well-earned rest.

"Few persons are permitted to close a career of seventy-four years with such a record of work well done. Hers was indeed a life devoted to the uplifting of all that she could reach by example, by voice, or by her pen. With unparalleled energy—hindered by physical weaknesses that would have deterred a less courageous spirit—she worked for her family, her Society, which she loved with the deep devotion of a thorough Friend by convincement, and all those who needed her aid in the world around her. It is not our purpose to recount her labors, only to say that the Society of Friends, of which she was so thankful to be a member, will never know the extent of her devotion and self-sacrifice for its advancement.

"To those of us who have long worked with her, knowing so well her strength, and also where her weakness dwelt—for she was but human,—she has bound herself with no common tie, being at once our comfort and our inspiration.

"Always eager to respond to any call for service, and gifted with spiritual insight and fine intellectual powers, her cultured mind broadened to accept new revelations of truth, which she freely proclaimed for the benefit of others. She was so glad to live in these closing years of the century, and often expressed regret that she must miss on earth what she felt sure would come, still greater growth in religious thought, as well as the continued progress in material things in which she experienced such keen enjoyment. But her service is transferred, not ended; for it is true that the work of a life truly consecrated, as was hers, to the Master's service, does not end when that life here is closed, but goes on gathering from other lives, to whom perhaps she has been an inspiration, till it reaches completion. Yet our humanity feels the void, and we are constantly asking upon whom will her mantle fall.

"Let us profit by her example of cheerful courage, and keep the eye single for that illumination that came to her through suffering and faithfulness, and He who has so richly endowed her will not withhold His qualifying power.

"She has gone most assuredly to enjoyments not possible under human limitations: let us mourn for her as she would have us do, by working for moral and spiritual advance, turning from inadequate supports, as did she, to the one strong Arm that sustains, and as faithfully follow the Christ in whom she so trusted.

"'Beautiful in her holy peace, as one
Who stands at evening when the work is done,
Glorified in the setting of the sun.'"

A MEMORIAL,

PREPARED BY THE MONTHLY MEETING OF FRIENDS,
HELD AT GREEN STREET, PHILADELPHIA,
CONCERNING OUR DECEASED FRIEND,
LOUISA J. ROBERTS.

The light of life has gone out from one who in our very midst labored long and zealously in the cause of Truth, and it is with a feeling of grateful love that this meeting bears testimony to her humble and upright life.

Louisa Jewett Roberts was the daughter of Sarah Ann and Nathaniel Lynde Raymond, and was born at Cannon's Ferry, Sussex County, Delaware, on Second month 21st, 1819.

When she was but three and a half years of age, her father died. Subsequently the mother and daughter came to Philadelphia, where, at the age of fifteen, Louisa opened a primary school, devoting her leisure time to the improvement of her own education.

In 1837 she took charge of the Girls' Department in a school conducted by Spencer Roberts, with whom she was united in marriage, Eighth month 6th, 1840.

At an early age she imbibed the religious views of her mother, who was a pious and conscientious woman, and united herself with the Baptists. She continued in membership with that religious denomination until after her mother's death in 1856.

After her marriage she attended Friends' meetings with her husband, and became so fully impressed with the value of the religious principles professed by this Society that she felt constrained to resign from the organization of which she was a member, and to make application for membership with Friends, which she did in 1857.

She deeply appreciated the freedom of thought that Friends enjoy, and looked away from the sternness of a ritualistic faith and a narrow view of the obligations of Christianity, to that loving spirit which would embrace all mankind as brothers.

Filled with love and kindness, she exercised a good degree of "that charity which thinketh no evil," and bore her burdens cheerfully. Having a little family of her own around her she felt the need of gathering the children together for religious instruction, and assisted Jane Johnson in opening the first First-day school in Philadelphia under the care of Friends, at Green Street Meeting House in 1861; and during the remaining years of her life much of her time and service were given to foster this cherished object. In this connection, as in many others, it may be said that although her life service is ended, her works do follow her.

In 1862 she was visited by a severe affliction in the death of her youngest three children, which was a trial that almost overwhelmed her; but her spirit was sustained by a faith in the Divine Love, which supported her in this trying hour. While suffering under this bereavement, she turned her thought and activity to the freedmen of the south, visited them, sympathized with their needs, and was the pioneer in opening schools among them. She was planning a visit to one of these schools for the colored children at the time of her sudden death, nearly thirty years after their organization, and she had maintained a lively interest in their welfare during all those years.

Her benevolent and practical sympathy exercised for the relief of the poor of Philadelphia are well known. Her labors were not confined to one locality or object, but she was ever ready with her cheerful spirit and kindly sympathies to minister to the sorrows or necessities of the afflicted, neither did she allow the many claims outside of her home to prevent the fulfillment of the duties of her household.

In her home she was energetic, hospitable, cheerful and ready to give the word of encouragement to those around her. "To do good and to communicate" was the key note of her life, and the zealous, earnest outpouring of her gifts, whether of hospitality, the word of cheer, or the written thought, occupied the activity of her ever-generous nature. Whatever she had, she shared, and her larder and basket were never empty; cheerfulness clothed her like a radiance from the "white raiment," making her presence an inspiration and a help to all who were ready to receive. She manifested that "joy in believing" which is the inheritance of all who are faithful in the little, and are content with the "penny-a-day," or heavenly peace which is the promised reward for labor in Christ's vineyard.

Although her health was frail, her capacity for work seemed unlimited, and her intense earnestness for the good of others enabled her to forget self in the cause of her Master.

It may truthfully be said of her, she was "not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

With a mind that eagerly grasped its object, with a memory uncommonly retentive, and with habits of steady perseverance, her talents could not fail to be cultivated and her mind enriched. The influence she exercised upon the social circle by her facility in imparting to those around her the varied information she possessed, has been remarked upon by those with whom she mingled, often skillfully turning the conversation from a light and trifling character to one of profit and instruction.

She was particularly gifted with her pen, and left many valuable evidences that her talent in this direction was fully employed. She devoted many years of faithful labor in connection with *Friends' Intelligencer and Journal*, of which she was an able editor and constant contributor. She furnished regularly the comment on the Scripture Lesson for the month for many years; also papers on religious topics for general reading, intended to emphasize some principle held dear to the Religious Society of Friends. She ever manifested a warm interest in the young, and wrote many pleasant narratives for their entertainment and instruction.

She was long an exhorter to good works and individual faithfulness; she rebuked evil-doers fearlessly, and by her strong personality that brought her close to her friends, they felt and realized the sincerity of her life and profession. Amid all her varied engagements, she never neglected her Meetings, but was diligent in the attendance of them, both for worship and discipline, and entreated all to a faithful observance of this important obligation. She became an acknowledged minister in 1886, and was ever an earnest and zealous advocate of the principles we profess.

In companionship with her husband she visited all of the Yearly Meetings, and travelled extensively through the West, bearing the Gospel message to many isolated families, encouraging them to meet together for Divine worship, and thus strengthen one another.

She visited the Indians of Nebraska a number of times, and gave interesting and memorable accounts of these visits to the children of our schools; she exhibited specimens of their handwork, and explained their customs and beliefs, enlisting the interest of her hearers in behalf of this down-trodden race.

Her services were called upon and cheerfully rendered in the fulfillment of many important appointments relating to the welfare of the Society she loved. Her desire that she might not outlive her usefulness was mercifully granted, inasmuch as she folded her hands at the close of a busy day, after but a few hours of intense suffering on Third month 8th, 1893. Her spirit was clothed with faith in the declaration, "I shall behold Thy face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness."

Read and approved in the Monthly Meeting of Friends held at Green Street, Philadelphia, First month 19th, 1895, and directed to be forwarded to the Quarterly Meeting.

JAMES GASKILL,
ANNIE F. LEVICK, } Clerks.

EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL.

FEBRUARY 21ST, 1853.—To-day I am thirty-four years old; nearly half my three-score-and-ten have already passed, and as I look back over the years that have rolled away how brief a period they seem. How many changes have come over our family, how many tender ties have been formed, and some too that were most tender, sundered.

April 6th.—The cares of the world press heavily upon me, and the inward conflicts of duty and desire weary my spirit to the very depths of sorrow,—I know not why it is. The Lord in his own good time, I trust, will bring me through all, and oh, that I may be like "gold tried in the fire."

To that Refiner would I go, that all the dross may be consumed. O my Father, grant me yet the knowledge of thy holy will concerning me, and what thou requirest of me!

April 10th.—This morning, while sitting in the quiet of silent worship, my mind was turned to the subject of music as a part of religious service, and the more I thought upon it the more I was convinced that it should form a part of our public worship. What, are we wiser and better than the Master? and did not those who met with him around that last supper sing a hymn ere they went out? Shall we for a moment suppose that the only silent voice was His? or that the disciples were reproved for so doing? All their after history proves to the contrary, for in one place, in particular, in Paul's ministry, we are told of their singing hymns, and in one of the Epistles of Peter, I think, the brethren are told to exhort one another "in Psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your hearts." Now, what does this mean? I say, it teaches us that we should sing *vocally*, *audibly*, and, while we are thus singing, let our hearts be in unison with the words we utter, and rise with our voices to the throne of the great Father, joining in the universal harmony that unceasingly ascends from all created things. Not sing! Then how shall the overflowing soul unburden itself of all its fulness of bliss? Comes not up the unbidden melody ofttimes to the strongest advocate of the principles of George Fox?

The promptings of our nature may not be hushed when they are designed to confer a greater amount of pleasure to the soul. I will praise God from whom comes the desire, and praise Him in psalms and hymns so long as I live, till in heaven I join "that nobler, sweeter song" with angels around the throne.

MUSIC.

FOR THOSE WHO LOOK UPON IT AS A SENSUAL GRATIFICATION.

Oh say not music sensual is,
  Luring the mind to stray
From higher hopes and holier aims,
  From God and Heaven away.

Say not to childhood's sunny hour
  The happier thoughts belong
That swell the overflowing soul
  And pour themselves in song.

When first, upon Creation's dawn,
  The heavenly radiance broke,
And countless gems that deck the sky
  To light and beauty woke.

Each, in the circling path assigned,
  Its onward course begun,
Moved by that all-creative Power
  That spoke and it was done.

Then echoing through the azure vault,
  The first sweet notes arise,
The "morning stars" together sang
  The anthem of the skies.

Through all the vast domain of God
  Still higher swell the strains,
Up to the throne where unapproached
  The great Creator reigns.

The new-born Earth, arrayed in light,
  Rejoicing on her way,
Caught up the fading cadences
  And swelled the expiring lay.

From pole to pole, from sea to sea,
  Through all the earth it ran;
And Music, offspring of the skies,
  Became the guest of man.

With soft and plaintive notes she comes
  When autumn winds do sigh,
And scattered o'er the fading sod
  The withering flowerets lie.

When hoary winter, cold and stern,
  Binds all in crystal chains,
Then loud she pours her anthems forth
  In full orchestral strains.

With blithe and merry carolings,
  Warmed by the solar ray,

She welcomes back the timid flowers
That by the hillside stray.

The modest violet lifts her head,
The snowflake upward springs,
And by the brooklet's murmuring course
The merry bluebird sings.

She greets us on the mountain side
Where foaming torrents leap,
Within the forest's quiet shade
When gentle breezes creep.

Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Or barque hath skimmed the waves;
In icy polar seas, or where
The fierce tornado raves,

In sweet and varying harmony
Her voice is ever heard;
And each within the breast may feel
A cord responsive stirred.

Oh then, condemn not ye the strain
That vibrates on the ear,
For if to holy thoughts attuned
Our God is ever near.

Among the annals of the past,
On Inspiration's page,
Come down to us the pious songs
Of men of every age.

And sound of harp and dulcimer
In sweet and measured strains
Oft floated on the evening air
Of old Judea's plains.

The Prophets of the olden time
Desired to see our day,
And oft, by heavenly vision moved,
Sang of that glorious ray,—

That light to dawn on Zion's hill
When Zion's king had birth,
The "day-spring" from on high to rise
And spread o'er all the earth.

Shall we, who dwell beneath this light
By ancient seers foretold,
The tribute of our praise refuse,
Our grateful songs withhold?

Oh rather let our voices join
With all the earth to raise
One universal symphony
In our Creator's praise.

August 7th.—I begin to consider myself but have a poor biographer. Nearly three months elapsed since I even *looked* at my journal,—and how many things have transpired in that time that would have given me pleasure to chronicle!

Have been to the boyhood home of my dear S. with him and the two boys. As I review the week that has passed I feel that it has been one of great enjoyment. We have visited many friends, all of whom seemed happy to see us. Yesterday was the anniversary of our marriage. Thirteen years have glided by since that important event took place, and here we are now on the commencement of another year. Oh, how important for us to feel the full weight of our obligations to each other and to the community at large. The past has been a mingled cup, our skies have often lowered with the dark clouds of disappointment and sorrow, but now I trust I can see life as it is. My castles that had towered to the heavens have crumbled to nothingness, and I have learned that all of happiness that is permanent is the abiding desire to live not for myself but for the good of those whom the social position I occupy has made dependent on me, and to serve Him who has given to me the desire of devoting myself and all that I have to His service. I feel that as I cultivate this spirit it yields me a rich harvest of enjoyment, richer by far than all the earlier day-dreams of fancy.

September 18th.—Listened to a very interesting sermon this morning from the text, "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" Practical in its application, it seemed calculated to do much good. All have work to do, and each should be earnest to fill up his measure while the day lasts; to work is the great law of nature. I have been sitting in the porch for the last hour watching our boy's pet chickens—always in motion, running hither and thither, each striving to obtain a worm, or mayhap a grain of corn, that the other is equally anxious to appropriate to itself; so passes the day. I would draw a moral. Is it not so with man unrenewed by the spirit of grace? is he not ever striving to get those things that gratify an animal appetite? Oh, if Christians were only as earnest to seek after heavenly bread how much more good they might accomplish; how soon the world would again be an Eden and man hold sweet communion with his Maker! Our dear S. R. has entered on his ninth year. I gave him a large-print Testament, at his own request, for a birthday present, in which I scribbled these lines:

Remember, son, thy mother's hand
These speaking lines doth trace.
And that the love she bears to thee
Time may not e'er efface.

Eight summers' bloom have passed since thou,
A tiny, helpless thing,
Gift from the boundless fount of love,
Joy to our hearts didst bring.

Through all the hours of anxious care
Thy infant years required,
Thy parents' hearts have faltered not,
Their hands have never tired.

And oh, my son, with thee it rests,
In all thy after years,
To brighten still our household joys
And recompense our cares.

And as in stature thou dost grow,
Learn thou to love the Lord.
So length of days and happiness
May be thy sure reward.

September 10th.—The weather is becoming delightful, just cool enough to be bracing. This has been a charming day; autumn is clothing itself in all the gorgeousness of changing colors. The forests must indeed be beautiful. How I wish that the great thoughts that struggle within me at times might only embody themselves in language, that I might be able to give expression to what is but crude and chaotic! Oh for some angel hand with living fire from off the heavenly altar to kindle up the smouldering fire of Poesy, that vainly attempts to burn and brighten amid the gloom.

September 2d, 1855.—Cares multiply, but I trust that "Patience will have her perfect work." Another plant for the garden of our Father has been given, rather loaned, to us: may we so rear it that it may bloom more beauteously amongst the amaranths of immortality. Rather disappointed in not having a little daughter, yet love him none the less for that. Have much to be thankful for in the strength that has been given me to bear the burden through the excessive heat of the summer. Been graciously dealt with through this eventful period.

March 3d, 1856.—Alas for household joys, for home endearments, for the holiest and purest ties of earth. We call them *ours*. We see the rude hand of the spoiler blighting one here and another there,—but no, he will not lay his chilling hand on any *we* love,—they ase immortal; we cannot think but they will remain with us. We see the purple tide with but few variations flow on in its wonted measure; surely the spoiler cannot be at hand. Ah! poor short-sighted humanity, while he is even at thy heels thou knowest it not; see, his hand is on that precious heart that for so many years has throbbed only for thee, and still thou seest it not. Now it is still, all is over; thou knowest it not even yet.

O my mother, my mother, shall I ever forget thy tender love and self-sacrificing devotion to me and those dear to me; shall I ever cease to feel how great, how terrible is the stroke that deprives one of such a mother? All my sorrows had been her sorrows, we had lived together in the closest bonds of intimacy that are possible for mother and daughter for the period of my life. At the early age of three and a half years I was deprived of a dear father, and shortly after of an only brother, so that we were all that were left to each other. I know I never fully appreciated the depth of my mother's affection; who *can* measure a mother's love?[1]

February, 1857.— I have entered on my thirty-eighth year; oh that I may spend it better than those that are gone! I have great and increasing responsibilities. But the Lord has been very kind; I never enjoyed so much inward peace as I have done since I have been so sorely afflicted. No chastening seemeth at the time good, but if it work out an examination of one's condition before God, who shall say how much it profiteth! My earnest desire is to live in a state of acceptance with my Divine Master, that whether he come when looked for or not I may be ready.

My dear children have been a matter of concern to me. O my children, what would your mother not suffer for you, if by suffering she could so arm you with the truth that in the great battle of life when your turns come to enter upon its warfare you may fight the good fight of faith, and come off more than conquerors through the power of the great pattern of our religion, Christ, who will be to you wisdom and honor and indeed all things. Seek first, my dear boys, "the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness, and all else will be added unto you." Never, oh, never, be guilty of sinning against your own body, for if you do, your souls cannot fail to be contaminated. Consider what a wonderful piece of mechanism it is,—that no arm less mighty than the Architect of the universe fashioned it, and that man, with the utmost stretch of his vast knowledge, cannot even add one hair to his head or one limb to his body, but by care, temperance and proper exercise he may carry out the designs of his great Creator by preserving his body a fit temple for the earthly abode of that indwelling soul which, beginning its career here a little weakling in the mother's arms that a breath might (but for the tender love) put out forever, is destined to fulfill its appointed duties in this earthly journey, and then take up its abode for eternity with God himself. Who would not wish that the days of his probation might be passed in such a preparation that when his hour of final reckoning with himself comes, he may not be ashamed to look all his actions calmly and fearlessly in the face, and like good old John Quincy Adams find no act that shall call up a blush to hide him from himself.

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[1] A detailed account of the death of Louisa's mother, which occurred on the 29th of First month, 1856, as narrated in her Journal, was a sorrowful bereavement to her, which it is thought best to omit, as well as many incidents and occurrences in the home life of the family.

March 30th. "For I know that my Redeemer liveth" were the words of the preacher this morning, words of comfort and peace to the stricken heart that can utter them in the spirit in which they were indited. The sermon was preached by a stranger, a Methodist minister. It was profitable to me in my sorrowing condition. Friends call to see me and sympathize with me in my troubles. Received many letters from relatives and friends. Thanks for their kind remembrance of us,—we know by their thoughts for us now, how much they esteemed my dear mother.

Earth sometimes has no joys, no longings. I fain would soar away, away above the dross of this vain transitory existence, to the dear and loved who have gone before me, to that bright and blessed land where sorrow never comes. Then again my heart turns earthward. I cling, and yet I dare not, to the treasure left me in earthen vessels. Ah, how soon another of these may be crushed to the earth. I tremble, I faint, my very heart dies within me, when I remember how small a thing may stop the purple tide in its course, and send a chill of death in its stead; how little a thing may bring again the pall, the bier, with all their sad attendants. Holy Father, strengthen thy fainting hand-maid; be Thou my refuge, Thou my guide, as I tread the thorny way of life's pilgrimage. Make me indeed Thine, give to me the full assurance of faith, give to *me* to know for *myself* that "my Redeemer liveth." With patience enable me to bear the trials of this probation. I would that I might be led to the right understanding of my duty to my dear husband and children, as respects my church relations; I would be guided by Thy hand, my Saviour and my Redeemer. Make my path clear and enable me to walk in it: there is no cross that I would shrink from bearing. Come it must. Let my decision be what it may, I cannot give up old ties and associations, the worship of God in the way that my fathers and mothers worshiped, without struggle. Will the Lord require this at my hand? Does he ask this from me? O, if I could but see my way clear, gladly would I bear the cross, if it might bring peace to my anxious heart. The song of praise how I delight in it. The voice of the morning supplication is such an appropriate offering to the great and glorious Author of all, and then to listen to the words of truth as they fall from the lips of his faithful servant, not in random thoughts, that mayhap one has heard from the same source many times, but with studied adaptedness and earnest zeal for the upbuilding of the Master's kingdom,—the sermon that is in season, that ever declares the whole counsel of God, whether men will hear or forbear. I know it is said that the throng, so great that no man might number it, was gathered from every kingdom and nation, tribe and people, on the face of the whole earth. And why can I not be among that throng? Although I should give up some things in the worship that is so dear to me, if I can but have my robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb!—this is the main point. Wash me, my Saviour, in that fountain that is opened for sin and uncleanness; purify me from dead works to serve the living and true God.

April 2d, 1856. It is midnight, and I watch beside my precious little babe. He has a serious cough, which I fear will end in croup. How much we are tied to earth through these dear little creatures. Our sweet babe is so good and amiable in disposition, so active and lively, that he attracts much notice. He develops so fast, both mentally and physically, that I fear he is a plant only lent to us, and dare not set my heart on having him pass through the stages of infancy and childhood. I do pray our Father in Heaven to preserve his life and the lives of our other dear boys, and so impress their young hearts with divine truth that they grow up to be earnest, faithful Christians. I ask no greater earthly good, for our Blessed Master has said, "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added." Oh that for myself I could have stronger evidence of acceptance, a livelier exercise of faith, and could know that perfect love that casteth out fear. I have so little privacy for devotional exercises. I feel many times that I am like a cart pressed down with sheaves; my feelings cannot rise above the transient and perishable things of earth. How I miss my beloved mother! How many more cares are mine, now that *she* has departed.

I have heard the last sound of that pleasant voice,
I have felt the last throb of that loving heart,
I have looked my last at that marble brow,
I know what it is to be motherless now.

The snows of twelve winters have whitened the mound
That hid from our sight the first pledge of our love,
The first that had blest the decline of her life,
That had opened afresh the sweet fountain of love.

In the same sacred spot with his mouldering clay,
'Neath the same silent sod, we have lain her away,
She sleeps with the babe in the same narrow bed,
That last long sleep, the repose of the dead.

Swift as an arrow from the bow,
Swift as the rapid river's flow
Sudden as the lightning's flash,
Terrible as the thunder's crash,
Came the blow.

November 12th.—At Seaford, Del. At four o'clock in the morning up and ready for my departure home. All the desire of my heart, so far, has been accomplished, and the same train that bears me to my own dear home will carry to their *last* resting-place the bones of my father. Ere the sun rises on another Sabbath I trust to have father, mother, and my little N. R., all sleeping in the same grave. I trust also that my mind will feel at rest after accomplishing what has agitated it for more than twenty years.

January 25th, 1857.—The new year, with its weight of cares and responsibilities still increasing upon me,—what may it not hold in reserve for me and my dear family? One year ago to-day I worshipped for the last time with my dear mother in an *earthly* sanctuary, and I *did* worship in "spirit and in truth." It was, I then felt, a day to be remembered. Ah, how little did I think as I listened to the message of the servant of the Lord with what terrible interest the week just opening upon me would be remembered. Ah my mother, for one year of Sabbaths thy seat at home has been vacant, but the new Jerusalem has a more precious one for thee; and the loved and lamented, so long in Heaven before thee, have been blest companions of thy blissful state. But I would not call thee from them to hear the story of my sorrows. I have missed thy voice of counsel, thy sympathizing heart, thy self-sacrificing devotion. Oh who can be a mother when she whom we loved to call by that endearing name is no more?

I have not begun this new year in as devotional a spirit as I should. I fear after all that I have not the vitality in religion that I ought to have. When I look back upon my past life, the many mercies of the Lord, how kindly He has dealt with me,—I think I am so ungrateful that I fear that I may yet be a castaway. O righteous Father, let not so dire a calamity befall me. I would be Thy devoted follower. Grant me a sufficient supply of Thy grace to enable me to tread with acceptance the thorny mazes of this earthly pilgrimage.

March 9th.—Sabbath evening. Alone, and yet not alone; busy *thought* keeps company when forms are absent, and much has transpired to awaken thought. Soon I shall be the mother of another heir of immortality. Will my life be the price of its existence? To Him who rules all things, and without whom naught *can exist*, whose eye is ever on us and whose hand ordereth all our ways, to Him *alone* is the future as the present. Then let me rely on Him for strength. The promise to the travailing mother is, that she shall be saved in child-bearing if she continues faithful. Ah, that continuing faithful. I accept the promise though I fail in fulfilling the conditions; Lord, increase my faith. The question of church relationship is still agitating my mind,—when I would take one course then the other presents itself so irresistibly before me that I am tossed to and fro like the little vessel on the sea of Galilee. Oh that the Master might awake and speak *peace* to the troubled waves, that my frail barque may be safely moored in the haven of rest.

June 21st.—More than three months since I made a record in my journal. Doubts and fears have vanished before the light of the Father's countenance; I endeavored to trust the promise and it has been realized. Another dear boy is added to our family circle,—strong, vigorous, and not remarkably handsome; mother and child very well; was again disappointed in not having a daughter. A daughter, how my heart yearns for a daughter! Who so near to a mother as a daughter? Who can so fully enter into the feelings or anticipate the wants of a mother as a well-trained daughter? The years of close companionship between me and my beloved departed could not have been enjoyed so purely in any other relation. There is so little of selfishness, such an abandonment of all self to the desires and comforts of the other, more especially on the part of the mother; and then when sorrow or sickness comes, the soft hand of tender, maternal love,—how it stays the soul. Next to the support that comes from God alone, is the firm and steady courage that comes from the knowledge of the undying love of a tender mother.

I feel increasingly the weight of responsibility that the care of so many boys gives to a mother. Should they be spared to arrive to manhood, how many heart-achings will they cause me before they are old enough to appreciate a mother's solicitude, and if they grow up to honorable, useful manhood, how well shall we be repaid. I trust in the guiding hand of my Heavenly Father; may His spirit be with them and admonish them when they err, and sustain and strengthen every good resolve. How I desire for them that they may early seek the Divine Guidance.—Another trial which is among those that are always best known to oneself, has been mine. I scarcely know how to express it, but still it is a trial, a sacrifice, but one that seems to be a duty. I have at last given up my connection with the Baptists as a society. Twenty years of unprofitable service have I rendered in that denomination. All my maternal ancestors were Baptists; my earliest recollections are associated with them. How often can I remember, when a very little girl, taking my seat in the parlor in my little chair, and listening to the pious conversation of the dear old fathers in the church who have long since gone to their rewards, and how, after all the family were called in, the bible was read, and the evening closed with a solemn prayer. Though the words are long since forgotten, the impress on my young heart will never be effaced. How blessed to have such heavenly memories to recall; how they help us on in our after-course! It is to me one of the most cherished remembrances of my childhood. How I desire for my dear children to throw around them the same influence: though often forgotten in the heat of youthful blood, they will be recalled with delight as the charms of pleasure and gaiety fade before their maturer years.

I must here express my unqualified disapprobation of the custom of excommunicating members of the various churches who resign for the purpose of uniting with other Christian societies, treating them as they do offenders against morality and decency. If none had ever left the church to which they had been educated, or first united, where would have been any progress in Christianity, where would have been Christianity itself? It is in my judgment a great wrong upon the Christian character and good judgment of the individual. Because I feel it to be my duty to my children and my Master to leave one family of his very numerous ones and unite with another, shall I be mourned over as one who by drunkenness or debauchery has lost his birthright and broken his covenant obligations? I trust the Lord, whom I earnestly desire to serve, will be pleased to accept me in this, and if I have done wrong, show me my error in time to amend. It is a living, abiding desire with me, for myself and my dear family, that we may have the love of the Father shed abroad more abundantly in our hearts; that we may be Christians, not in name only, but in deed and in truth.

This is a charming morning; the little prisoned songsters are warbling away their sweetest notes. All around the trees look green and luxuriant, and all nature wears her happiest smile. My own heart partakes of its gladness, and though obliged to content myself with the prospect which a view from the window affords, I can say that my heart overflows with gratitude to my Heavenly Father, for his unmerited goodness to me. What shall I render to the Lord for all His mercies?

He has made my cup to overflow with blessings, and satisfied all my desires, save the one that would yield a more unreserved obedience to His Heavenly teachings.

Seventh month 12th.—Have made application to be received in the Society of Friends. Had a pleasant religious visit from Jane Johnson, which I remember with satisfaction. At a meeting to-day, as one and another got up and relieved their minds of those texts that had impressed them, I thought much more of one that had fastened upon my own mind: "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you."

Eleventh month 22d, 1857.—Have had a religious visit from a committee of Friends appointed on the presentation of my application for membership for myself and children. I was much pleased with their visit, and trust I shall ever be enabled to walk worthily among them. I do not harmonize as I would desire, but I trust my Heavenly Father will look with compassion on his unstable handmaid, and give her "beauty for ashes, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." My dear S. is supremely happy, and why should I not be too. I *am* happy, yet there is still a yearning that I cannot get rid of. I wish I were a more devoted Christian. I am now a member of the Society of Friends. May I be kept in the right path, and have a clear perception of all scriptural truths essential to salvation.

Listened to an excellent sermon from R. W. Moore from the words of our Lord to Peter:

"Whom sayest thou that I, the Son of man, am?" Was pleased and enlightened by most of it, especially by one view, which goes farther than I ever heard before,—that is, that the rock on which Christ's church is built is the revealed word of God, and by reading carefully what the Saviour said to Peter, about flesh and blood not having revealed it to him, but his Father in heaven, it became clear to my mind she is right. Again she taught that we are not to take that saying of Jesus, "Foxes have holes," etc., literally, but spiritually: here I think I can improve her sermon. Christ in that answered one who said, "I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest." Now to show the man that his kingdom was not to be an outward one, and his followers not to consist of those only who made his outward condition their own, he told him in this touching and simple way the poverty of his condition, and the want of comfort and the dependent state that himself was in, so that if he still continued in the determination he had made, he would know what to expect. Everywhere and in all his teachings he strove to dissipate the mists and shadows that had been gathering over the minds of the Jews about the reign of Messiah as an outward ruler of his people, yet they were slow of heart, as himself says, and believed not on him, because of his low condition and the poverty that surrounded him.

Eighth month, 1857.—To-day we had a sermon by R. M., from the memorable Sermon on the Mount. The text was, "Judge not," etc. She seems to insist on taking many sayings and doings of the Prophets and Apostles as purely spiritual, that I have always considered narratives of actual occurrences, and which I am not yet prepared to consider otherwise. That a deep spiritual meaning is also contained in them I fully believe, and it is this that makes them profitable to us. It matters not to us if we never heard of an actual journey by the Israelites to the promised land, but it is a great point for us to know that we are journeying on toward that better country, the Canaan of our eternal rest. It serves us naught to read that Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness and that they that looked upon it were made whole, if in our own souls we have never known a looking to Him "who was lifted up that He might draw all men unto Him."

I have been appointed with others to serve on a block committee to dispense the charities of the Thirteenth Ward. Have become deeply interested in the work.

Fourth month 8th, 1860.—Father Roberts departed this life in Wilmington, Del., on the 3rd of this month, in his 79th year. On Fifth-day following we assembled in New Garden Meeting-House, Chester county, Pa., to pay the last sad rites to one who had by his many virtues and close relationship endeared himself to us.

As we rode back to Wilmington. I recalled to mind the many times the dear old man had traveled that road on our account, and how the tediousness of the journey had been enlivened by his cheerful, animated conversation. His children may well be proud to call him father, and his grandchildren need never fear that the mention of his name will in any way dim the lustre of their station, let it be ever so exalted. Thus link after link is added to the chain connecting us with the land of shadows. How many questions the soul longs to ask of the just-emancipated spirit respecting that "shadowy path" through which it has passed to immortality!

Seventh month 21st, 1861.—The day has passed away, the shades of night are around me, and quiet reigns in my home. All are at rest but myself, and yet I linger over my journal. It is not that my ideas are many or good, for I feel very uninspired, but it is pleasant to put one's thoughts on paper for the after time. Many a pleasant episode in one's life is revived by their after perusal. I feel sometimes that the circle in which I am moving is narrowing; as time wears apace things look no more as they were wont to look. I wonder if it is so with every one. I sometimes even doubt myself, and feel that there is not that pleasure spiritually and socially enjoyed by me that there ought to be. I hope I shall not grow repining or despondent, yet one may tremble a little at the prospect. Our Father rules, and if in the simple confidence of children we can only turn to him we shall be at peace with ourselves and the world, and possess that enduring peace that this spirit gives.

Have been engaged for some weeks past in preparing some little works for a contemplated First-day school, in which enterprise I am co-operating with my dear friend Jane Johnson. Two little books, "The Good Shepherd" and "Thou God Seest Me," are already in the printers' hands. Had a good meeting to-day; a sermon that I felt by living experience, that I had obtained that peace which the world cannot give; that I could say, "The Saviour died for me,"—a blessed experience that has been a hidden treasure sought for sorrowing, but unattainable. Now I feel it is mine. May my life be the best record of the possession of it!

Ninth month 29th, 1861.—This is a very important day to me. Our First-day school will be inaugurated this afternoon. I have felt the responsibility of the part I have to perform all the week. I do trust that I have that preparation of heart that will enable me to serve in the important undertaking with satisfaction to myself and the acceptance of my Heavenly Father. I felt that if I were among those with whom my own faith is more consonant the undertaking would not be so great, but my object is solely to do good, and that will make my path easier.

Twelfth month 31st, midnight.—I live to see the closing hours of another year; as I write the clock is ticking away the few remaining minutes.

"'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bear to Heaven."

May I commence the year just ushering in with the conviction constantly before me that these hours as they roll along bear with them a record for good or for ill that I must meet at the judgment seat of Christ. How will the account stand between me and my Judge? That is the point to which I trust my thoughts will daily turn, so that I may be constantly reminded that while I strive to lead others in the right path I myself may not become a cast-away. The bells are ringing in the new-born year. A happy New Year to the world! May it bring peace to our struggling land and freedom to her enslaved children, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and good will to men,"—the choral hymn sung at the birth of the new creation in Christ Jesus. May that be the song of my dear native land before the present year shall have run its course!

Tenth month 30th, 1862.—How can I write again and note my great sorrow! The wolf came in the night and has taken my pet lambs. He has carried them to the arms of the Beloved of souls. O my Father, why hast thou afflicted me so terribly?—and yet it may be worse. Oh spare, I cry, oh spare!

Eleventh month 6th.—I sit in my quiet chamber so calm and unmoved that I scarcely recognize "the mother sad and bereaved." Thank God that it is so, that he has given me grace to bear my sorrow. Two dear babes borne to the grave in one short week!

On the following First-day I attended our school, heart-tossed with the billows that were even then gathering their strength to overwhelm me.

29th.—It is dark without, darker within. The light has gone out of the last pair of eyes that beamed upon our household; two only left. The Lord help us in our sore distress,—three taken within one month.

Twelfth month 7th.—I stand upon the mount of Transfiguration. At the first, like the prophet, I saw the wheels of His chariot and bowed in the dust. I could only pray for the mantle to descend, but though I must ascend, the path is rugged and wearisome. I falter again, I hear His voice, I feel the overshadowing of His presence. "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me as seemeth good to thee." But not yet have I reached to the Master's presence: — one more effort! More and more rugged grows the journey, still steeper becomes the mountain, but it is gained. I stand with the Master, I am transfigured with him on that holy summit. "It is good to be here," I exclaim with the enraptured disciple, "Let us make three tabernacles, let us take up our abode. Oh, it is a high place; it is at great cost that the soul attains to the communion of God, to that lifting above the earth and its sorrows. If it could only be attained with less of sacrifice,—and yet He that was rich for our sakes became poor, that we, by his poverty, might be made rich. Oh how poor in the treasures contained in earthen vessels have I become, yet if I am only kept rich in grace I shall have compensation." So thought my poor heart as it awakened from the troubled sleep of the night succeeding my last bereavement. May I be kept on that mountain! was the earnest prayer of my soul.

First month 17th, 1863.—I am thankful for the measure of comfort that has been given me. My heart clings to the memory of my loved and lost. I am learning many lessons of submission. I look upon all such afflictions as a part of our probation, and as we cannot by any possible power of our own either avert a calamity or bring back our lost ones, it is wisdom in us to accommodate ourselves to whatever is our allotment. We are exhorted to pray without ceasing, but we are not to suppose that we in the blindness of our finite vision can see beyond the present, or hope to peer into the hidden future, consequently our prayers must never be supposed to influence the Great Father, or for a moment change his purposes concerning his creatures. Our prayers therefore should be directed to the attainment of one great object, a spirit of unwavering reliance on the divine arm, with ready submission to whatever he suffers to befall us.

18th.—"Purify us from dead works to serve thee, the living and true God." What are dead works but the formal worship and ceremonial observances that enter so largely into what the multitudes claim to be Christianity. What is serving the living and true God, but the daily effort to so conform our lives to the great Pattern as to offer a living sacrifice holy and acceptable, which can only be done by us in a constant endeavor to do good to the bodies and souls of those with whom we have daily intercourse, and so to do it that our own selfish wills may be kept in subjection to the higher, the Divine will. Christ comes to every heart that is ready to receive him.

May I ever be ready for the Heavenly guest; sanctified by the afflictive bereavements that have been working as the refiner's fire, may I ever present myself a willing offering to the Holy One, that so I may follow his guiding hand.

Third month 22d.—Thinking to-day of the Master, and of the saying, "In all our afflictions he was afflicted." In his own experience he suffered every variety of anguish. I could but feel that he never knew the sorrow that overwhelms a mother's heart at the death of her offspring. No mortal sorrow seems to me so touching. The scene at the cross came vividly to my mind. There were many weeping friends there, many companions of his weary wanderings. There was a mother,—his mother,—among the spectators. Jesus, seeing her grief, and seeing also the beloved disciple standing near, turned his eyes to him and said, "Behold thy mother;" then, looking upon his mother, "Woman, behold thy son." The lesson of that hour, unperceived before, came to me. Woman, behold thy son. Oh, if I could only penetrate beyond the veil, could only know something of the hereafter! What a mystery is human existence! How much greater is the after existence:—the body is tangible, it is here, we see and handle, we embrace our friends, we hold converse with them, but what of those who have left? "God is not the God of the dead but of the living," were the words of the Saviour, and that he himself ascended to dwell at the right hand of the Heavenly Majesty, and should not this satisfy all reasonable desire? Oh, it should. Shall

I behold the glory of the Father, and join the company of those who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb? More than half of our flock have already taken up their abode in the Heavenly City. Oh, grant, Father, that not one of us who are left may fail of a like entrance!

Third month 22d, 1867.—Last evening we were favored with the company of Samuel M. Janney to tea. Two of my dear friends were also present. The conversation turned on the subject of the antiquity of man. S. M. J. seems to think that but little reliance is to be placed on any of the data at present adduced to prove that the existence of the human race dates back beyond the Mosaic record. The rapid increase of the species, he thinks, accounts for the peopling of the world at so early a day. I confess to a doubt on the subject, the high state of civilization that existed in Egypt when that country is brought into notice, the distinctive marks that now characterize the various races of man, having been the same in that early day, as is proved by the frescoes found so well preserved among the ruins of her former greatness. The Assyrians also show evidences of a vast antiquity. So do the Hindoos; amid all their fables, and the multiplied uncertainties that envelope their history, there is much to lead the mind back very far that can be received with considerable certainty. We may, with but little danger of being accused of an abundant share of credulity, add a few thousands of years to the sum prescribed by Moses as the time in which man has existed. I cannot see why those who are earnestly seeking for the truth are so unwilling to look at this matter in the light of scientific inquiry. The pure principles of our holy religion cannot suffer even if the full blaze of that light is brought to its investigation. We had better let go every tradition contained in the Old Testament than be found caviling at the great truths recorded by the finger of time in God's glorious book of nature. Man *may* misunderstand his duty, and a veil may hide from his spiritual vision the true path in which he is to walk; not so with the rocks,—no perverted understanding may warp and twist *their* meaning, no sensual desires sully their fair pages, and we must believe their record.

(In the spring of this year the failing health of her husband made it necessary, by the advice of his physician, to remove to the country).

Sixth month 17th, 1867, she says:

It is a more like a dream than a living reality that I am sitting with a lamp before me in a country-house, where I have been now for three weeks to-day. I find myself wondering at the strange changes that from time to time life presents. This has been the strangest that has taken hold of us yet, and so sudden that almost as soon as we had seen the necessity for it we were dumped down with most of our traps in this little spot, perched up on a rock in the woods and among the robins, a *Robin's Nest*.

I never thought it possible for me to enjoy anything so much as I do my country life.

Seventh month 21st.—Had a delightful drive to Abington Meeting, met many persons whom we knew. Edith W. Atlee appeared in supplication very fervently. Mary Levis spoke on the "Duty of Obedience." Another Friend said a few words, mostly Scripture quotations. One verse repeated by her seemed to contain much more than I had ever thought it did before: "We then who are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak," etc. That word *ought* has a world of meaning in it. There is an acknowledgment at once of a want of equality in spiritual things just as we see in the physical. We are taught that we should recognize this inequality in the spirit of Christian forbearance and love; seeing that one is stronger than another, the stronger is required by the divine law to impart of the strength possessed to the weaker. What a beautiful order does the Gospel economy present! How blessed a thing life would be if we all lived up to its unfoldings!

Have just been looking up to those beautiful stars, of which the Psalmist said, "The firmament showeth His handiwork," —have looked again upon Arcturus, the same upon which the eyes of that tried servant of the Lord, Job, were resting when he poured forth his sorrows before the Almighty. How the things seen and the words written make our immortality, the thousands of years that elapse, become a mere point,—are as yesterday. . . . I have been watching the North Star with its constant attendants, Ursa Major and Ursa Minor, how they walk their stately round doing homage to the central point, which stands where it was placed by the great

Architect,—forever pointing in the same direction, the guide of the weary traveler, the leader of the tempest-tossed mariner, the one point to which all eyes turn and are never misled. So with this enunciation of our fathers. Man has indeed been created with inalienable rights. The world is being made to recognize the truth of the declaration, thanks to the founders of our republic, or, rather, thanks to all the true and noble hearts that all along the highway of the world's history have published and proclaimed it, and, through the blessing of God, paved the way for our present hope.

Twelfth month 12th, 1867.—As I sit at my desk facing the south window I look out upon the tall trees of the wood, which is but a few feet from the house; their bare and rugged branches sway to and fro in the wild storm; the snow falls thick and fast, the brown earth is clothed upon with a pure white covering, and nothing is to be seen venturing out but a stray traveller muffled and hooded. The chickens are quietly picking themselves and smoothing out their feathers in their comfortable house; the horse and cow have well-sheltered quarters with plenty to eat. I wish every desolate and needy human being was as comfortable as our dumb creatures. Heard yesterday that Edgar Smith, my First-day school pupil, has spoken in a meeting for worship, with great acceptance; he is a good youth, and I trust he will be strengthened to do his allotted work.

It is another evidence to me that I ought not to leave the dear young people who so regularly meet me on the First-day of the week for religious instruction. May I be made more efficient for the great work to which I believe the Master has called me. I dare not look at the disadvantages that lie before me and the drawbacks that would seem like mountains in my path. I am instructed in many ways. The other day I was driving home from the station; the road is hilly, one goes down one hill only to mount another. "Every valley shall be exalted and every hill shall be brought low," was the text for the day to me. I thought how full of meaning was that declaration to the Jews of old as they wended their way over the steep hills and through the rough valleys of their beloved Palestine, so rugged that a road wide enough for a carriage can hardly be made. The traveler, mounted on the back of a sure-footed little ass, threads the lonely paths with caution, and gains his place of destination after a weary and often dangerous journey. How fitly this symbolizes the travail of the soul! How readily the mind of the devout Jew could take hold of the figure and rejoice in the promise of the prophet, little dreaming that what to him was a spiritual leveling would in the after ages become a literal fact, and the hills and valleys of his home become indeed, by the application of the brain power of the future, a straight path wherein men could come and go with speed and safety.

The iron horse and the graded railway have left the toiling ass among the inaccessible mountain cliffs, whence succeeding human efforts, illumined by the light of scientific investigation, will yet banish them to seek in the simple routine of farm and country life their field of usefulness. How often I am reminded of the promise made by the tempter to our first parents, "Ye shall be as gods." It would indeed appear that the promise was well nigh its fulfilment; there seems no bound to the inventions of the intellect. The social conditions of the human race seem altogether in the background, or rather to be still jogging on in the mule track, afraid of the modern appliances of civilization. The friends of equality and brotherhood have been too timid, have lacked the boldness that should always follow in the path of truth.

I do so enjoy my country life. I see so much to increase my love of the beautiful, my reverence for truth and the Author of all, the Great and Holy Being whom we call God.

I feel an increased reverence in pronouncing or writing his holy name, and more and more desire to be found living up to the requirements of truth as revealed by his Holy Spirit.

I feel anxious for my future sometimes. The infirmities of our poor, frail bodies are many, mine more in some respects than are desirable; but as the frame bends under its distorted weight, if the soul can only rise in fair proportions, adorned and beautified by a grace which transcends human beauty, then will it experience that compensation most earnestly to be desired.

Second month 20th, 1868.—This morning I heard a person speak rather lightly of the life to come, expressing a preference for earthly bread and the comforts of things which are seen. The response of my spirit quickly answered, that more than ever I have seen that our weal or want in this world is but a secondary consideration, and as for my poor share of humanity, I am very willing to drop it whenever the promise of a house not made with hands, a body prepared and fitted for a celestial home, is offered me. This is the last day of my forty-ninth year. It has been spent in meeting and pleasant social enjoyment. Forty-nine years gone! what a reflection! Gone with their record of good and ill, much more of the latter than should have been, had I not too often yielded to the tempter and turned aside from the narrow path of Christian duty.

I have learned contentment and a firm reliance on the mercy of our God. Whatever is best for me I am sure will be given; whatever he withholds would not be to my advantage. One thing I do crave above all else. It is that my dear sons may soon know the converting power of our Heavenly Father. How much good there is in store for them if they were only made willing to accept!

Ninth month 6th.—This has been a charming day, just warm enough to remind us that we are yet in the summer season, just cool enough to make a walk or a ride delightful. The changing hues of autumn are already coloring the foliage. The sunlight has been glorious. It is a joy to live under its radiance; we have it so full and free in our little country home, which we grow more and more to enjoy.

7th.—Was out this morning gathering the products of the garden. As the plump, crisp wax beans fell into the bucket, I could but think of the unmerited kindness of our Heavenly Father. The text, "He is a rewarder of those who diligently seek him," came forcibly to my mind. How does he reward us? asked my other self. Just now I am reaping one of his rewards; we planted in faith, knowing that the promise was as true then as when first uttered,—seed time and harvest shall never fail,—and so now we are receiving our reward. Thus the soul seeking the reward of eternal life, which is peace forevermore, hears the voice calling, "This is the way, walk ye in it," believes that it is true, follows the path and is led on and up until the beautiful land of the soul's delight opens to the inward vision, and that true rest which remains for the people of God becomes its portion. Follow thou, my soul, this voice. It is the voice of the Good Shepherd. Thou knowest right well his call; it cannot be mistaken. Though some may say to thee, There is danger, the voice may be the voice of an enemy, heed not this advice; it is the tempter, seeking thy weak spot; if thou yield, thou art undone. Strengthen thy handmaid, O thou Holy One, to follow wherever thou leadest. There is no cross in following Thee. The cross comes when self-will has to be climbed over; then the mount of difficulty becomes rugged and the cross heavy.

Third month 19th, 1869.—I sat down to write a lesson on the New Testament for the First-day school paper which we are about to issue. I took the old family Bible, as I have often done before, and opened at the beginning of the Gospel as recorded by Matthew. We are there told that it is the book of the generation of Jesus Christ, the son of David, etc., and the genealogy gives us not the tribe of Levi, of which Mary his mother was descended, but of Judah, and the family of Joseph her husband. I turn to Luke; there I find the same difficulty. These holy evangelists tell us Mary was a virgin, and from their imperfect ideas at that time require that God should work a miracle in order to make the prophecy of old fulfilled in his birth, which declared a "virgin shall conceive," etc. Now, to my mind, and I here write it with no want of reverence for the blessed Son and Sent of the Father, but that I may put on paper for future reference my honest, deliberate conviction, made up after reading, with an earnest desire to find the truth, both sacred Scripture and ecclesiastical history, that there is no warrant, either from the words of the blessed Jesus himself or the facts as recorded by the evangelists, for the commonly-accepted belief that Joseph was not the *human father* of the human body in which that birth of the Holy Spirit dwelt.

We read, in going over the genealogy, "Matthan begat Jacob, Jacob begat Joseph the husband of Mary." We turn to Luke, who says, "And Jesus himself being (as was supposed) the son of Joseph," and he says further that Mary was cousin to Elizabeth, and that Elizabeth belonged to the priestly tribe of Levi, consequently Mary was not of the royal house of David, but belonged to the priestly order. If Jesus were not the son of Joseph, how could he come of the house of Judah of which David sprang; how could all the old prophecies concerning him be fulfilled,—how could he be called by the revelator the Lion of the Tribe of Judah, who was found worthy, and how could he say of himself as he did, "How say the scribes that Christ is the son of David?" and that he was accepted as the son or descendant of David is abundantly proved by the whole record of the New Testament from the time that Joseph took Mary his wife, who was great with child, to Bethlehem, the city of David, to be taxed, through all the wonderful record of his pure and holy life up to the closing scene on the cross. That Mary was chaste and devout we must acknowledge; her answer, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord," is sufficient. We are next introduced to Mary as the wife of Joseph going up to be taxed; and years after, when, returning from Jerusalem, the young Jesus tarried to dispute with the doctors, when he was found the rebuke of his mother, "Behold thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing," shows plainly that he was looked upon by her as well as by the people as the son of Joseph, and it is my clear conviction that he was so. There is no difficulty in the way but the desire of his followers to place him, shall I say, on a level with the gods and goddesses in heathenism, who all claim a half human, half divine origin for their deities. Spirit is spirit, and begets spirit; human flesh must be humanly begotten, and the life and purposes of the Son and Sent of the Father are as worthy of our acceptance as though he had been dropped from the skies a celestial being.

The subject of the antiquity of the human race has occupied my mind for some time past, and regarding the Scriptures as of human origin, and confessing them to be the production of men on whom the divine illumination had been bestowed, sharing the weaknesses and prejudices and the ignorance of the laws governing matter prevalent in the several ages through which the narrative runs, I have believed that the meagre account there given of the primal pair, and their immediate successors, is capable of a more enlarged interpretation than has usually been accorded it, as with the six days' work of creation. Science comes in, removes the difficulty, and places that beautiful allegory in its true position; every act there recorded being witnessed by the hand and seal of Jehovah himself, in the rocky fortresses of the world. We are no more obliged from the sacred record to assert that the race of man is no older than 6,000 years than we have to affirm, as formerly, that this wonderful globe on which we live takes its age from that date. In the order of creation, man and woman are the last to be brought forth, but when that decree went forth, "Let us make man," no human being has any warrant to assert. We know the race lives; we know it had a beginning; we should know that even if it had never been recorded among the archives of the past. Whether 6,000 or 6,000,000 be the years that have measured his existence is all the same to us so far as the record goes, and the 6,000,000 can be as readily proven as the lesser number.

The human being was to have the mastership of all, hence the Divine image was bestowed, the likeness of God, that as the latter in his superintending power directs and upholds all things, his creature, by sharing a measure of his own Almightiness, might rule and govern and subdue all the lower orders; thus by working out the great problem of life here acquire a fitness to assimilate to the higher condition that awaits him when his earthly mission is accomplished. The very conditions of human life required a freedom of will in the creature; this in the earliest ages of existence must have been turned to the development of all those qualities of mind which we now find in those persons or tribes who by their isolation have escaped the contagious influences of civilization, for I take it that as all since the first creation have had to pass from an infantile state through all the stages of growth and development up to mature age, so the race has had its infancy, its yielding to the earthly and animal instincts, to the loss of a realization of the higher qualities of the soul. Thus to the primal pair, or of them, were born two. What, individuals? May we not say families? Cain representing those in whom the lower and earthly instincts predominated, and Abel, on whose simple life and quiet habits the Divine blessing seems peculiarly to have rested. Long before the fatal controversy that made the one the murderer of the other the earth must have been peopled. A crisis in their history arrived; the gentle, quiet, pastoral race, represented by Abel, became the prey of the stern and warlike Cain. Hunted and routed from vale and meadow, their rude manufactories broken up, their flocks and herds devoured by the conquerors, what was left for them but death or servitude?

It has not been many centuries since the same scenes were enacted, and caves and fastnesses of the everlasting rocks gave refuge to fugitives from the wrath of man. Why need we be slow to discover that in the past the same malevolent disposition must have been as strong, and produced as fatal results? Hence the remains of what in my judgment is improperly called the Pre-Adamite race, and now whenever discovered almost without exception found in caves, where they have either taken refuge from the violence of their pursuers, or been immured while alive as has been done by the church of Rome toward faithless nuns and friars, — to suffer the pangs of suffocation. If under the sanction of our holy religion the mind of priestly bigotry has been so fertile in diabolism, what might not have been accomplished by those whose enormities were so great that the record which comes down to us reveals the fact that the thoughts of his heart were evil continually. All that has occurred from the subjugation of the younger, which to return to the allegory represents the spiritual, it being the last or finishing stroke of creative wisdom, to the earthly, eldest or first-born down to the time of Noah, though bearing a chronological date, is so vague and uncertain that its most reasonable interpretation, it seems to me, is the one I have given. That Abel's spirit found its successor in the person of Seth is clear from the records; the influence he must have exerted would in a measure raise the human family in the scale of intelligence and enlightenment. Eve or woman recognized him as the successor of Abel. The intermarriages and associations of these tribes or races may have had a greater influence on the stern and wandering character of the sons of Cain than those traits could have on the gentler natures. This we may prove by analogy. Comparatively modern history is pregnant with examples. As men left off the rude, coarse life represented by the "fugitive and vagabond," and assumed the habits of peaceful life, built cities and invented musical instruments, wrought metals into forms of usefulness, the song and dance, luxury and effeminacy must have succeeded, yet through it all the great Ruler left not himself without a witness. Enoch, in his day, was a type of the perfection which his race is ultimately to reach, for he walked with God, and doubtless hosts of men and women, good and pure, lived in all those ages. That great and important physical changes have passed over this globe, which have swept tribes and races of men from its face and altered its watercourses, changed its continents, and created differences in both its climate and productions, is well known, and we are safe in saying that equally as great and important changes have resulted to the human race, to enable it to stand as it now does almost on the very pinnacle of earthly greatness.

Second month 8th, 1870.—It was Quarterly Meeting day; attendance large, considering the weather. I was called upon to encourage some who were fainting because of the cross. It was given me to say that "the cross is not a cross to the soul whose willing feet make haste to do the Master's will," to which a few more words were added. I have been slow in recognizing it to be my duty to speak before the assembly gathered in public worship, but the words of the Master which more than thirty years ago bade me not to be ashamed to own him, warn me to be faithful, lest in the judgment he declare he never knew me.

First-day morning.—Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable blessing to me this morning, in that he has revealed his truth concerning the dear son of his love, our blessed Lord and Savior. Like the beloved disciple whose Gospel has been the subject of my close and prayerful study for some days past, I was in the spirit on the Lord's day and heard "the voice," not in unutterable things but things that belong to ourselves and our children. As I stood in the bath seeking for the flesh the purification of water, my mind was turned to the words of our Lord, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, that which is born of the spirit is spirit." These being the words of Jesus himself they cannot be controverted, hence when the above-mentioned disciple would speak of the union of the Everlasting Word with human flesh, he does it in these significant words, "The Word was made flesh." Now bearing in mind the saying of our Lord above quoted, and remembering that of all the apostles and disciples John was most near to him in spirit, the utmost harmony being manifest between them, therefore there could be no attempt on his part to derogate from the divine claims of the Messiah. We must believe, if we seek to the depth of the mystery of the union of Father and Son, *that what is conceived of the Holy Ghost must be spirit.* We are not warranted by the truth as revealed in this wonderful Gospel written by John in holding any other origin for our Lord than human flesh; not doubting that God the Creator, as Jesus himself declared, has power of the very stones of the earth to create children to Abraham, but he has never in the ages that are past, neither does he in the present, violate his own immutable laws for the accomplishment of his purposes. It is only our finite conceptions that are at fault. That God should send into the world to condemn it for sin and to turn it to righteousness, a human being born of woman, born under the law, and call him his only-begotten and well-beloved Son, required to the minds of the outward and literal minds of the Jews that he should be in the flesh begotten of the Holy Spirit, hence we find Matthew and Luke claiming more for him than he or his bosom friend John claimed. Indeed, it was made clear to me this very morning that those memorable words of Jesus spoken to Nicodemus were intended to disabuse his mind of any views of this nature, which the wonderful power he possessed, and which was so freely exhibited to the Jewish nation, might lead him to entertain. The subject opens so freely and fully before me that I can scarcely write the swift thoughts that crowd upon me. How every line of this Gospel attests the truth of the divine unity! How it shows us too the power of the great eternal Spirit that flesh and blood to accomplish his purposes can be so transfigured by the presence of the Godhead as to be made the instrument of carrying out his holy purposes in the creation of our race, and its advancement towards the highest and truest conceptions of his attributes; and that not only in himself, but through him in his apostles and dedicated servants in all ages, has this power been manifested,—God in man reconciling us to himself;—first by the promise of his coming so far back as the days of Adam, and then in the fulfilment of the promises made to the fathers. In the latter days has he spoken by his Son, whom he hath made heir of all things, because of the faithfulness that was in him in carrying out the end of his creation, which he says himself was to bear witness to the truth, even to the laying down of his precious and holy life.

Second month 21st, 1871.—Entered on my fifty-third year this day. It seems that I have lived a long time. My life has been eventful, but only as many other lives whose dawn has been darkened by the shadow of a great loss, and whose childhood and youth were pinched and narrowed by that loss. I believe it is next to impossible for any character to acquire that fulness and perfection of outline so essential to strength and beauty, which has been warped and stunted in its incipient formation. There may be herculean efforts, there may be will to rise and shake off the fetters, yet the marks of the iron are there and will remain, covered perhaps from outward observation, but felt in the secret parts of the soul, and it may be festering and eating. Christ alone can heal such wounds ; his soothing, fostering hand applies such lotions as the soul most needs, and at the hour of greatest extremity. The human life becomes an earnest to his followers, and what a blessing to the toiling millions of the earth the fact that the chosen son of the Father's love was cradled and reared in their midst, was one of them,—a priceless boon, and one that no pomp or ceremony in Church or State by any possibility can wrest from the grasp of the lowliest of God's creatures. Of his fulness may all receive, and grace for grace. This is the poor man's promise,—yes, the poor, the toiling, the forsaken of earth may share in the abundance of the Lord of life and glory. Steady thy uncertain steps, O my soul ! Lean on the beloved of souls when thou faintest by the wayside ; there is fullness, there is strength, there is power ; all that thou needest is to be found in Him. Thou art not poor, thou art rich, a King's daughter ! Adorn thyself with goodly apparel ; let choicest ornaments be thine, command thy servants, let the train of thy glory brighten and illuminate the path thou treadest ; all thy servants, the handmaids that do thy bidding, must know their place; there shall be no jar, no confusion. Rise, O thou queenly soul, and assert thy right to rule this day! Thou hast been bound to thy own household too long. Those whom thy Lord gave thee to be thy bond-maids have been thy rulers, have led thee into paths thou wouldst have avoided, have held thee back when thou wouldst have gone forward. A long way hast thou walked with uncertain footsteps. Lean this day on thy King, and gird thyself for the rest of thy journey. It is growing shorter; soon, ah how soon! the shore of that river which may not be re-crossed will loom before thee; make haste to finish thy share of royal duties, lest thou come to its brink before thou art ready, and its chilling waters bear thee onward to the second death.

Second month 8th, 1873.—Heard the Jubilee Singers last evening. My soul was lifted entirely out of and beyond myself by the thoughts that the entertainment set afloat. There were seven women and four men, some very black, others nearly white.

It was not the singing, for that is monotonous, and made up of repetition. It was what those sacred songs were to them, slaves as they had been in the old-time days. O song! how hast thou helped the lowly, friendless, hardly-used slave to bear his load of life! O song! thou hast spoken to the hearts of these sad children; thou hast inspired them to lift up their eyes in hope; for truly as Daniel was delivered from the power of the beasts, *thou* hast taught them to see a prophecy of their own deliverance from the raging beast of slavery. Dark, dark indeed were the days of waiting; they were *patient* days, for the promise of deliverance came to them with the conviction that it was *sure* and certain as the throne of the Eternal.

How every incident in sacred history came to be but added testimony to the truth of these convictions, deliverance to the bound ones, a setting free to the prisoners,—a release! How every word that breathed of these became the vehicle through which they saw in vision the fruition of their hopes! Men said, "How can it be?" The dusky children of promise only answered, "*It will be*," and lo! it is. Here in this city, which so long writhed with Laocoön agony, bound hand and foot in the serpent's toils; here, after a time, and in the good time of God, the song of deliverance is sung in the great Academy, to an audience as large and appreciative as ever greeted the most favored prima donna; and song has not only helped to *bear* the burden, but it has helped to break the chains, for it has touched the heart in the pathos of Foster's Ethiopian lays, while yet apparently the fetters were being clasped more tightly, and made tender the feelings of young men and old, and through these emotions awakened the consciousness to acknowledge "these are my brethren, for whom the Christ-man came and suffered as well as for us." They are his little ones, and will he not avenge when they cry to him? And has he not? How have their songs an hundred-fold been fulfilled in the redemption that has come; surely we want to go back to no record of the past to establish the great truth that our own conscious existence teaches of the justice and mercy of the Holy One; in our own time and among our own people the testimony is so plain that "he who runs may read."

Eleventh month 21st.—The year is nearly at its close. The events that have filled up its passing moments have been varied and full of interest. Less of heart sorrow, less of anxiety, a restful trust, and deeper abiding in the faith that all things work for good if we only seek the good that is in them, has been granted me. My children in the far west have claimed much solicitude. I was on the eve of a visit to Richmond, Indiana, with expectations of much social and religious enjoyment. The day that I expected to start in company with many dear friends, I had gone in my room to dress for the journey, when a telegram was received from my son in Nebraska, saying his wife was very ill with small-pox, and asking me to come and bring vaccine. "I will go to them," was the soul's response, and I went, starting at midnight of the same evening. There was much delay on the route, owing to First-day intervening on which most trains lie over. Left home on Fifth-day evening, and arrived at the Santee Agency at 2 p.m. on the next Fourth-day, stopping at George S. Truman's, who had care of the little grand-baby; was told that the sick mother, owing to complications of the gravest kind, could not to human appearances recover. After four weeks of constant vigilance and keen insight into the very minutiæ of the case, through Divine blessing we were rewarded by her convalescence and ultimate restoration. Two weeks more, and I started on my homeward journey. After a somewhat circuitous route arrived at home, and received a hearty welcome. My heart wells up in grateful thanks that I have been permitted to go and return, passing through dangers seen and unseen, and through sorrow and distress that I shall never forget. I am well,—better than when I left home.

Yesterday I sat in Monthly Meeting. As I entered the house a remembrance of all that had transpired since I last mingled with my friends rushed through my mind, and covered it with deep emotion. I was led to think of how much we owe to the loving, tender forbearance of our Heavenly Parent, and the duty that it lays upon us to walk in accordance with his requirings. The case of Nicodemus coming to our Lord took such hold of my mind that it led me to rise in the meeting, and endeavor as I was helped to express the concern that I felt for us that we know the new birth in our own experience.

I have read Blauvelt on the Resurrection in *Scribner*, and the Gospel of Matthew, and have tried to take in the statements made by Matthew, who is considered by both anti-Christian and Christian disputants to be trustworthy and reliable. I confess to a latent doubt at the very outset of Matthew's history. He gives us for the lineage of Jesus the genealogy of Joseph, and then declares that Jesus was not the son of

Joseph. And who is to decide, for it is one of those questions that must forever be mooted, and answered by each individual conscience according to the weight of *internal evidence*. The outward testimony, coming as it does, and referring to that secret process of nature by which a child is conceived, can never be affirmed or denied with that certainty that usually affixes to tangible things. It is all traditional, and examined by the same logic as we bring to bear on other important questions must be taken for what it is worth. As I read the Gospel to-day I tried to divest my mind of every prejudice, and to take up the miraculous and the supernatural as I would any statement of matters transpiring in our midst; and so far as I have been able to arrive at any definite results, I can see no need of a birth out of the ordinary forms of generation; indeed, in the light of Jesus's own teaching, that which is fleshly is begotten of the flesh, and that which is spiritual is born of the spirit. This thought does not, in my mind, conflict with the statement of the overshadowing of the Holy Ghost, for I most reverently hold that the chosen mother knew of that overshadowing whereby the child conceived was made holy even before the natural birth. I say it cannot be substantiated by any form of reasoning that he was not the son of Joseph, and being the son of a man, he was no less the son of God and the Messiah promised in the ages of the past.

To meet this question fairly all the records extant concerning Jesus and his parentage should be brought forward, for it is well known that what are received as canonical Scriptures are not nearly all that have been handed down to posterity. It is also known that what we have were selected by men, fathers in the church, it is true, but men by no means distinguished for piety and candor, and who were under great thraldom to the superstitions of the age in which they lived, and which have extended down to the present time, so that whatever there is in the narratives now held as of Divine authority must necessarily be taken with a large allowance for the credulity that then biased the judgment of men. It is to the spiritual Christ that the man Jesus bore witness, to that Divine power through which by obedience he was enabled to work the works of God. We need not let go our faith in that, nor in its wonderful manifestation in the life of Jesus, even though we may not feel prepared to endorse all that the evangelists claim for him. In his own words he claims to be the Son of Man, and while the gifts of healing and of restoration are undoubtedly authenticated, they must be accepted just as we would accept such things in later centuries of the Christian Church. Why should we say that these supernatural statements concerning Jesus are any more certain to be *bona fide* records of actual occurrences than those which are related of the miracles wrought through the deities of the other ancient nations which are equally authenticated, or the more recent miracles of the Church of Rome?

My faith in the Divinity of the man Jesus does not rest on those statements concerning his turning water into wine, or his having no natural father, or his walking on the water, or his appearing to his disciples after his crucifixion; but on the divine truths he uttered, and the fearlessness with which he proclaimed his Divine mission, which are all contrary to the spirit of the times in which the eventful years of his public career were passed.

The Gospel of Matthew must have been written after the death of Jesus. We have nothing from himself or any of his followers that antedates his death. It is traditionally asserted that a letter is extant which he wrote, but it is without conclusive evidence. The fact that Matthew wrote many years after the events which he therein records, lays his statements open to that incorrectness in detail which must ever be found in recalling occurrences and hearsay testimony. That this is so is evident from several expressions, as, for instance, the doctrine of the cross is held forth. Now that doctrine came to have significance to the Christian *after* the Christ man had suffered its ignominious death. It could have had no symbolic meaning before. Then, again, where did Matthew get the account of the terrible agony in the garden of Gethsemane. Surely not from the three sleeping disciples who accompanied him, for the statement which they must themselves have given was that they slept unconscious of the agony through which their leader was passing. It is time that the immortal lessons and the holy life and pure character of the Divine Man should be lifted out of the myths and shadows of the credulous age in which he was born, and the wonderful influence which his life and cruel death exerted upon the world at that time, and continue increasingly to exert, be traced not to the birth in which the Great Father became the sire of flesh and blood, thus committing an act which the old Hebrew Scripture asserts was one of the aggravating causes that led to the deluge, neither to the power of working miracles, for that power was claimed to be the property of Magi and astrologers, and had been possessed by many of the old Hebrew worthies, nor that he is said to have passed into heaven in the fleshly body in which he walked among men, and which was crucified, for the same Scriptures assert the same of Enoch and Elijah, nor that *he* claimed to be descended by generation according to outward birth from God, for in all this Gospel under consideration he nowhere speaks of himself as the Son of God. In the Gospel of Matthew it is recorded that a voice from heaven was heard, when the spirit like unto a dove descended upon him after his outward baptism, declaring, "This is my beloved Son." And directly after we find a significant record which it is well for us to pause awhile over. But we must go back again to the outward birth and compare that with the human birth of any other man child, saving in this particular, that the Jesus who was to "save his people," and whose birth, as himself declares, was for the purpose of *bearing witness* to the *truth*, must forever stand pre-eminently "the Son of man."

Now, how is it in this age and in our own experiences? for after all that may be said of the ages that have rolled away, the human heart in its experiences remains the same; forms of expression even are the same. The same tender, passionate words of consuming love that fell from the lips of Jacob, of whom it is said that the seven years he served for Rachel were as but a few days, so great was his love, has its counterpart in the undying flame which consumes the life of many of the truest and bravest among us of the present.

So with the crushing weight of sorrow, whether it be a mourning for the companion of our life journey, the pledges of love that God has bestowed upon us, the loved and venerated parents, or the cherished friend,—either or all of these bereavements lacerate the heart of to-day just as in the old, old times. So, too, when the soul, unsatisfied with its *human hopes*, its earthly pleasures, longs with an unutterable longing for that divine life which sanctifies, and without which no human being can come into the full measure of its birthright; after all its baptisms of tears and billows of agony feels the brassy heavens to open and the Dove of peace to rest upon the head, and hears the voice, "*This is my beloved son.*" "*Thou art my son, this day have I begotten thee.*" When we can do this, we have in a measure comprehended the heart of this "Son of man" as he stood confessed for the first time the "Son of God."

Let us follow him by the same light, the light of our own experience, and what is the next step in the life journey? And here let me tread with cautious steps, for it is "holy ground." The rapt soul, in that state of exaltation in which it is made conscious of a spiritual birth, is lifted above and out of the earth, and for the time feels that it can never more be warped or diverted from this ecstatic condition by any of the allurements of its earthly surroundings. But this is not according to the Divine intention. The Mount of Transfiguration, though it may seem good, is not where our tabernacle is to be set up, and we find ourselves while yet standing on this "exceeding high mountain" in the presence of the tempter, and does he not set before us the fleshly appetites, the worldly ambitions, the presumptuous arrogances in their most fascinating forms, and with cunning craftiness whisper, "*If thou be the Son of God*"?

Is it going too far in this parallel to say that every soul that has come to experience the spiritual birth has to know its own measure of these same temptations? With this interpretation of the divine Sonship of Jesus, the seeker after the "hidden meaning" of the Gospel reads on. His own heart, that so lately like the unruffled lake in the clear sunshine lay reposing in the fulness of that ocean of heavenly love, is now stirred to its very depths by the surging billows of temptation, and it is just here where the human trail is lost. I have seen the broad prairie, bounded like the stormy Atlantic by the horizon, stretching on and on in one level expanse of waving green,—not a shrub that a bird of the air might fold its weary wing upon and rest, not a hut where the human head might hide from the fierce storms that sweep over those treeless wastes; and yet I have discerned, though but a line in the grass, a path, the mark of a human footstep, and I have taken courage; for if the solitary traveler but keep *that trail* it will bring him to the haven of rest and comfort. It is only as we can say that this "Son of God" was perfected, or in other words was pronounced as such, being human, that we can say to any other human soul, He is the captain of thy salvation. And here again we find a parallel. The captain at the head of an army must first learn obedience in the ranks, and it is only through this obedience and faithfulness in the lower condition that he acquires those traits and develops those qualities that fit him to command. If we invest him with Deity, making him very God, as do those sects of Christians that call themselves evangelical, how can he be held up as our Exemplar? For the fact of Deity places him so far beyond and above the creature that it is idle mockery,—nay, worse, it is as if the soul were overwhelmed in the ocean,—to expect it to attain to that perfection in life which he maintained, and which, if we grant his Godhead, he could not have failed in.

The Christian sects and the expounders of theology have made this astonishing mistake, that they have counted Divinity and Deity synonyms, and here comes in the line of divergence which doctors of divinity have been pleased to mark as heterodox, the junction at which they part company, consigning all, no matter how earnest their convictions, or how nearly they conform to that pattern "shown in the Mount," consigning, I say, all this innumerable company to the train that, with a false light at the head and uncertain signals on its flying course, is rushing on to the frightful chasm of infidelity.

I challenge any and all candid inquirers to point out in this Gospel of Matthew a single instance in which Jesus claims a *miraculous human birth*. The only example that can in any way be construed to make the claim is to be found in the 27th verse of the 11th chapter, and this neither affirms nor denies it. Taken as we would take any other human testimony, it more certainly, to my understanding, refers to that Divine Sonship to which he attained through spiritual baptisms. As the chosen of the Father, the first-begotten of the new covenant of grace, he could without arrogating more than belonged to him, exhort in the words which follow, viz.: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest for your souls." See we not that it is the *learning of him* that is to give rest to the soul?

Now do we count him to be our salvation? Do we believe that he was able to save to the uttermost all who *sought God through him*, and that in his earthly ministry while he was yet among men he could say, "Thy sins are forgiven thee." If the salvation which the soul craves was to be gained by going to him and learning of him as the living Son and Sent of the Father, how say the evangelists that only by the faith in the pouring out of his human blood by the murderous act of his crucifiers can the soul be made one with him, as he was and is one with the Father?

I ask the question while my whole inner self is stirred by the profoundest emotions, for I realize that *without* the shedding of blood there was to the worshipper under the old Mosaic covenant no remission of sins, neither is there in the new covenant, which fulfilled and abrogated the old when its Testator exclaimed, "It is finished," and signed and sealed it in his own most precious blood on the cross of Calvary.

Now what is this washing of regeneration, or being born again as the word implies? Can it be an outward act? Can the blood that finished up the old covenant of rites and ceremonies, of priestly mediation and votive offering, be the blood of which the Master said the soul that would come to him must be washed in? Certainly not. There is a Divine meaning in those utterances of his, and I marvel not that many turned aside and went no more with him, after they had been told that they must eat his flesh and drink his blood, if they would have a part and lot with him.

If we have followed this "Son of man" through baptisms, through temptations, through the mastery over the evil one, so that we can say as he did, "Get thee behind me, Satan," if we have been ministered unto by the angels of God, following this "Son of man" in the meekness and lowliness which he declared would bring rest to the soul, we can well afford to leave the "marred visage," the lifeless form that expired in agony on the cross, to the tender care of Joseph of Arimathea and of the sorrowing women who brought spices, for we can say from the depths of our experience, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

From 1873 to 1878, and not a record! As I take up this book again, so long unused and unnoted, I find myself thronged with pleasant memories of the past that would be profitable and cheering to recall by brief note. There was the Centennial and its wonderful display, the crowds of people that thronged our city and kept perpetual holiday for six months, and our dear son with his family from the west; I had the pleasure of holding and nursing my three sweet little grandbabes, all lovely children. It was such a comfort to have them. Then the prospect of having another daughter-in-law, a dear girl, sweet and beautiful as an angel. There were companies and festive occasions, and our old lives seemed to renew themselves in the joy that came to our hearts; a sunbeam was pouring its rays into undiscovered places and lighting up unknown regions of feeling and tenderness in our lives. They brought this sunshine.

Eleventh month 26th, 1882.—Alone in the afternoon, I take up my neglected diary and find some records I had forgotten, while many more that ought to be recorded are now lost beyond recall. But this much I can write with certainty: All these unrecorded years have been full to running over of the vicissitudes that mark a human life, and replete with evidences of the guiding hand of my Heavenly Father. My connection with the *Friends' Intelligencer* has continued, and *Scattered Seeds*, for whose sponsor I stood in the capacity of a beggar in a First day-school conference a dozen or more years ago, still claims my interest; once a month is given to it. I have had a dispensation of the work of the Gospel ministry laid upon me, not recognized by my brethren and sisters by official action, but owned by the great Head of the church, at times to my own peace of mind, and with a clearness of my call to the work that I have no reason to question. Yet there are times when I would fain be excused, and throw my burden upon the meeting.

Two weeks ago I was taken ill very suddenly; sinking spells succeeded, a doctor was summoned; kept my room nearly a week and not much improved yet; was able to go to meeting a week ago —carrying the burden of the word contained in that declaration of the Psalmist, "The way of the ungodly shall perish." I was told afterward that I was not heard by some on the men's side, which I much regretted, as I wanted every one present to hear me.

To-day my mind was directed to the words of Paul drawn from the declaration of Isaiah, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the things that God hath prepared for them that love Him."

The words came to me in the hours of the early morning, prompted by the brightness of the moonlit glory, which cast such a calm, clear light. As I looked abroad from the window, my heart was lifted in thankfulness to the Giver of all Good, for the wondrous beauty of the visible world, and the thought naturally turned to the invisible things of God revealed by his Holy Spirit. The influence continued with me, and found expression in public meeting, I trust acceptably to my friends and more so to Him I serve.

Twelfth month 24th, 1882.—Under the doctor's care again; not allowed to use my brain, and mostly in bed trying to build up, with as good a heart as I can summon. Receive many tokens of affection from friends. I have ample leisure, no brain-work and no exhausting hand-work; have read a little that is not exciting. The days are peaceful and thoughtful. The mind *will* work, —feed on *itself*, if nothing else offers. It is a good time for retrospection, looking over the years of my life that have been so full, so busy. It is hard to realize that in the midst of so much I must drop out and be content, yet I *am* content. "The peace of God that passeth understanding" is mine, and though my earthly frame is shattered and may never regain its wonted energy, I have the assurance that some younger, abler handmaid of the Lord will do better work than I have done, and the work for the church and for humanity go on.

First month 4th, 1885.—At meeting this morning, the exercise of my mind that found expression was the steadfastness with which the old Israelites held to the "God of their fathers," and how in all their trials, their backslidings and their persecutions, the one animating thought of prophet and wise men was the constancy of the God of their fathers, and the care that he extended to them. Though their conceptions of God were of a personality, yet this was gradually absorbed into the higher spiritual thought, until in the days of Jesus he could declare, "God is a spirit." The feeling went forth that we, the descendants of Friends, might with the same steadfastness and confidence cling to the God of our fathers, and labor with earnest purpose to help each other to sustain and perpetuate the simple faith enunciated by the founders of our Society.

Third month 22d.—This has been a baptizing day. I seem to have received anew the Divine anointing, and a fresh evidence that a dispensation of the Gospel ministry has been given me. I feel my soul and all that is within me lifted up in thanksgiving to my Father in Heaven that he has accounted me worthy to speak in his name to hand forth the blessed assurance of his favor, to call the church to come to him and if they lack wisdom he will give liberally. This thought so took possession of my mind in the meeting this morning that I have felt its influence enlarging my perception of Divine favor and the means of obtaining it. Throughout the day, and now as I am about to retire, the sweet peace that follows the performance of a requirement is my portion.

Sixth month 29th.—Visited the First-day school and meeting at Crosswicks. The exercise that took hold of my mind in meeting was the universality of worship; how that, as the rolling of the earth brought the light of the day called the Sabbath, Sunday, the Lord's day, and the simple First-day of the Friend, men, women and children gather to offer, according to their several understandings, worship to the great Maker and Ruler of all. How small and insignificant do all our divisions and subdivisions appear in view of this great object, and yet there is need of all, that each may plant and tend and reap its part of the world's great harvest-field. It is not in one nor in another that all the golden grains of truth are husbanded. Let us bear this in mind, and what seems to be the portion we have undertaken to cultivate, let us do it loyally and with earnestness of purpose, and as these First-day mornings succeed the days of labor and toil to provide things essential to our physical well-being, let us remember the exhortation of the apostle, "Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together." In union there is strength. The small, thread-like stalks that support the golden heads of ripening grain, standing alone, sway to and fro and are easily trodden down and laid waste; but see the broad field, what a sight it is to the eye of the beholder, as it bends to the wind. Each tiny stem, bearing aloft its wealth of food and nourishment, leans tenderly, lovingly upon the other, and the breath that singly none could withstand passes over the field, its breezy motion bringing out in the endless tints of light and shade, the incomparable beauty of the whole. What is distinctively ours let us make haste to occupy until *He* the Great Husbandman shall call us to give up our stewardship ; leaving to those to whom they belong the unsettled questions of election and reprobation, of baptisms and sacraments, of trinity and sonship, remembering with gladness and joy the declaration made true by living experience, "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons and daughters of God," and joint heirs with Christ Jesus in the heavenly inheritance. This is an eternal truth, infinitely outweighing all that the schoolmen and theologians have formulated in reference to the Divine decrees. It rests on individual experience, and is within reach of every soul that is open to the Divine visitation. The God in man reconciling man to himself must be our watchword.

1889.—On visiting the monthly meetings composing the Western Quarterly Meeting, she said : "I always feel deeply stirred when I sit in New Garden Meeting House. Here I first became acquainted with Friends as a bride ; it was the first meeting I attended. Little did I think, that bright First-day morning of midsummer of 1840, of what was before me, or that half a century after I would be found in the same house sitting among the elders and pleading with the young people to value the testimonies which are more precious to me now than life itself."

Fourth month, 1892.—In connection with the declaration that life and immortality are brought to light in the Gospel, and in this was the confirmation, Jesus taught his oneness with the Father; he taught also that they who believed in him were one with him, the Father in him, and he in them, making all at one with God. Then the Divine in us, as the Divine in him, must be eternal; being of his own essence, it must exist while he to whom it is allied has existence, and we want no other evidence. "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

29th.—"The Sabbath was made for man, and man for the Sabbath," was the declaration of the Blessed One. Does not this teach us that not for the sake of the "Christ in God" should we keep a weekly Sabbath, but for the Christ in man, that it may be made strong by the renewing which the recuperative power of rest brings to the physical organism, leaving the soul-life free to expand and develop into beauty and strength for the days of toil and labor that succeed? Those who are beyond the necessity of toil are not properly qualified to decide or determine the need of the toiler. That the six days of labor shall be followed by a seventh of rest came to the human family as a law, with its first knowledge of human needs, and that its importance might be realized and its requirement be enforced, it came as a positive command from Jehovah, with death as the penalty of its infringement. As we trace the ancient story through the centuries we find one "gathering sticks on the Sabbath day," and he pays the penalty with his life. Reading between the lines as we proceed we find the lesson for us; the ideal thought contains the true meaning of this story of the childhood of the race, and for us of these later days the moral is not far to seek. Among the nations of the earth, those who have disregarded and set at naught this law of human necessity, who are unmindful of its claims and of the penalty that attaches to its neglect, they are the people upon whose social and home life "the shadow of death" rests, without hope of better things here. They have not risen to the ideal life; the struggle for existence in the physical economy has so dwarfed and stunted them that they cannot shake off the grave-clothes of their surroundings.

If our missionaries who go out to these hopeless ones do but teach them the value of this day for rest, and help them to find its true meaning, they will have advanced the cause of human well-being beyond the power of the mind to conceive.

LETTERS FROM THE WEST,

1891.

TO FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

The last farewells were made an hour ago. An apartment in the "Melrose" has just been assigned me, and I dare affirm that in all the spacious chambers and lofty halls of the renowned old abbey whose name it bears were not to be found half the comforts and conveniences contained in this miniature palace, which is to be my home for the next twenty-eight hours. I have a whole section to myself; the car is not crowded, is elegantly fitted up, and as comfortable as need be. At each end there are wash-stands with all necessary accommodations, and drinking fountains well supplied with ice water, one end being designed exclusively for ladies. The platforms are surrounded with ornamental iron railings, and several camp stools on each invite the traveller to a seat outside, where a much better view of the country through which the cars pass can be obtained. The road is dusty, owing to the very dry weather; besides, the fast lines go flying along at so rapid a rate that trees, towns and mountains mingle in one chromatic whirl, that tires the eyes and confuses the senses. As we rush past Paoli, I wave my handkerchief to a friend waiting for the signal; it is responded to, and I am out on the broad sea of humanity, with no promise of a friendly recognition again until I reach the outposts of civilization.

Alone in all this hurry and rush and tumult; alone, in that no outward voice of friend or loved one answers to thoughts and feelings which struggle for utterance; but not alone in spirit. while I have such a companion in my journey as F. W. Robertson, and can chat with thee, dear *Intelligencer*.

We stop a few moments at Parkesburg, then fly along through the heat and dust, past all the thriving towns that lie along the road, not stopping to pay our respects to any, even giving old Lancaster the go-by, until we arrive at Harrisburg, where we are informed twenty minutes will be allowed for refreshments. I turn to my basket, and with *its* contents am refreshed,—wash and feel clean again.

The grain fields look well. Corn is quite forward; most of it is being weeded with the horse cultivator, and the straight rows that have been through the operation exhibit a mathematical precision pleasant to look upon. If the thirsty ground should soon be favored with genial showers, I see no reason why plenty of everything that grows may not crown the labor of the husbandman. The pastures look short and thin, and it is not probable that rain will materially increase the hay harvest, which all conclude will be light.

I stand out upon the platform watching the train as it glides along, up, up the mountains, with no sign of weariness and no slacking of speed. I wonder, as I look at the achievements and triumphs of human skill and ingenuity. The darkness gathers. One by one the lamps of night flash out their tiny flames. The train halts at Altoona, where I know from experience a generous supper awaits the hungry. But I am not of those; so while my fellow-travellers go to partake of the sumptuous fare, I will seek that sweet restorer of nature,—balmy sleep.

To lay the "outward garments by," to wrap "the drapery of the couch" around one and lie down to pleasant dreams on a railroad train running twenty-five miles per hour, may sound like an impossible fiction to those who have never tried it. I find it a refreshing verity, though disturbed somewhat by the constant whir and rattle of the machinery. Something awakens me. I draw the curtains aside and look out into the silvery moonlight. We are nearing Pittsburg. We pass those altar-fires where science and art keep perpetual vigil over toil, forging out fulfillments of the old prophetic utterances.

What are the fragrant odors wafted from the golden censers of the most costly fane offered to the Universal Father, when compared to the incense arising from these shrines of human labor? The old legends are full of germs of truth which the roll of ages is vitalizing, and which will yet bud and blossom for the golden harvest of the future.

Labor, twin sister to liberty! though grimed with the furnace soot and the soil of the plow and the anvil, thou art the priestess at whose homely altar civilization must bow the knee.

Toil on ye sturdy sons through this midnight of your lives. The day-spring *will* arise; the man who, by the sweat of his face, earns a right to the ground on which he stands, is the *coming man*. It is his right arm that even now holds the destinies of our race. Visions of Delphic oracles, Memnon's shrine, rolling-mills and blast-furnaces mingle in strange admixture, and I am again forgetful of the passing hour.

As the golden hues of the morning were tinting the horizon, I dressed and looked out upon our flying pathway. We had passed the good old Keystone State and were rushing through the busy towns and thriving trade centres of Ohio. It is positively wonderful to see the quantities of agricultural implements that are manufactured in this state. We pass immense factories, giving employment to hundreds of men, and sending carload after carload of machinery to make farming easy. One cannot help querying where it all goes. We reach Crestline at 9 a.m., where we breakfast. A slight shower is falling, but it is soon over, and the day wears on warm and sultry.

There is little along the line of travel to invite attention. No wild flowers are in bloom; the trees are luxuriant in their summer drapery, but there is a monotony, which I turn from to find a rich field of varigated beauty in the life and correspondence of F. W. Robertson. It is impossible to fix attention sufficiently to gather up and make my own all the gems of thought that glitter on these pages, so I will lay them aside and seek the platform, if so be a better impression of what is passing may be mine.

A half-hour at Fort Wayne for dinner is announced. It is raining again. "We are in Indiana," said the conductor; "there will be rain plenty now," and the country looks as if there had been quite enough. While most of the passengers left the car for dinner, I left also for a stroll up the main street. The shower was over directly, and I had a pleasant little saunter, read the name and date of an unfinished church edifice which has some pretensions to style, but is pitiful in its incompleteness; commenced in 1866, finished in the dim uncertain future. How much of what we undertake individually may be disposed of in the same manner. We do not sit down and count the cost, but we rush on, taking impulse for right direction, and find out our own mistake when our better judgment asserts its dominion to our humiliation and loss. We do not travel so fast since leaving Pennsylvania. By a statute of the state of Ohio, all the trains are obliged to stop at every town which numbers three thousand or more inhabitants. I think the same requirement must be in force in all these western states. Doubtless the effect is calculated to advance the interests of these small towns, and, giving an easy access to the markets, offer ready and remunerative sale for all the products of the farm.

There is one feature of all this country through which we are passing, that affects me unpleasantly; it is the careless manner in which most of the clearings are made. Charred logs, half consumed trees, and decaying timber, are prominent objects in every settlement; very many of the fields under cultivation are so covered with high stumps as to lead one to wonder how the plow and the harrow find their way between them. I see, too, what becomes of a large proportion of the farming implements manufactured; they lie about, exposed to the weather, without care, as if they were of no more account than the unsightly logs that disfigure the surroundings of the homestead. I am aware of the scarcity of labor and all the disadvantages of pioneer settlers, but it is better in my judgment to undertake less and do it more thoroughly. I should never be content with a home like most of these we are passing, much as I enjoy "rural sights" and rural life. I am free to write this for the *Intelligencer*, without fear of wounding the feelings of its readers.

Friends, as a people, love order and neatness, and believe in economy in the use of whatever a wise Providence has blessed them with. Said one, Idleness and intemperance are the blighting influences that retard a healthy growth in this section of our country. The soil is rich, yielding to the most careless labor a generous harvest. The men are not obliged to exert themselves, and the women, borne down with household duties and the care of their children, lose heart, and settle into a drudging, slavish life. No favoring circumstances of soil or climate make the wife's toil less, or lighten the burden of her cares; and I am not surprised to see so many prematurely old and sad-looking women in every settlement through which the iron road passes. Billiard saloons and drinking houses flaunt their painted insignia, and invite to their destroying embrace the idle and dissolute men.

We are not far from Chicago. Glimpses of Lake Michigan are caught through the low shrubbery on that side of the road. We make our toilettes, gather up books, papers, etc., and prepare to leave our pleasant palace car. The approach to Chicago is not prepossessing; the land is low, subject to inundation, and the houses are of all sizes and descriptions.

One could scarcely believe that in the short time it has been settled, there could have congregated enough of the odds and ends of humanity to constitute so large a suburb of evident poverty and possible want. There are many comfortable-looking houses among these, but the poorer sort predominate. The immense grain warehouses are objects of special interest; perhaps no city on the continent has so large a grain trade. With fields of from fifty to five hundred acres to collect from, there seems to be no limit to the supply that must ultimately flow to Chicago. But here we are at the terminus of this portion of our journey, and I pass out into this living, surging sea of humanity, "unknowing and unknown." The omnibuses are across the street, in waiting, and I am taken in charge by the one for the Chicago and North-western Railroad, and we are soon *en route* for the depot; but we are brought to a full stop. The draw is open, a tug going this way and one going that puff through the opening; the ponderous section moves back to its place, and the long train of vehicles of every description and foot passengers cross the bridge. We hurry through the business portion of the city, and are again brought to a stand-still at another bridge; the same scene is enacted, with like results, only this time drays, wagons and carriages so block up the streets that cross each other just at the bridge that one is tempted to fear a catastrophe. But we pass over without danger, and are landed in safety at a hotel adjoining the depot.

It is 6 o'clock p.m.; the train leaves at nine. I take supper, make the acquaintance of a lady merchant from one of the towns through which I am to pass, and we agree to take a berth together for the night. I find her society pleasant. We spend the intervening time in conversation, and at the proper hour get our tickets for the sleeping-car, and go aboard the train.

The moon shone so brightly last night that I begrudged the hours required for repose. My companion left at early dawn, as we were passing through a most charming section of country. I had lost much that was beautiful, but was up in time to see castle-crowned hills and crumbling walls overgrown with ivy, whose solid foundations were laid "when the mountains were brought forth," and whose history is to be found written in the rocks, by the Great Architect. Nothing in the way of scenery has ever impressed me as do these broken masses. I seem to be flying past vast ruins of some immense city, about such as travellers in the East, among the earlier civilizations, tell wonderful stories of. Just now a wall runs along parallel with the road. It is of considerable height; large trees have grown out of the crevices, and vines and shrubbery half conceal its irregularity; it ends where the hill rises perpendicularly from a small river, clear and sparkling, that winds in and out among the rocky undulations. I involuntarily strain my eyes to catch a glimpse of what is behind. It is so real, so like the huge architectural works of man, that one cannot help wanting to discover a stately human habitation of corresponding proportions within its enclosure.

From the time we leave Warren, at day-break, until we reach Galena, a distance of twenty-seven miles, the face of the country presents the same castellated appearance. After leaving Galena, which by the way looks exceedingly well from the railroad, the hills are less beautiful, the land being more level. All watch with much anxiety for the first glimpse of the Mississippi. Our approach is indicated by a stretch of marshy ground, rank with summer vegetation, and flooded with water. We pass rapidly along, and halt at last at the little town of Dunleith, in full view of the mighty river, which we cross on a bridge to Dubuque, where breakfast is provided and time allowed all the hungry ones to satisfy, as best they can, the cravings of the appetite.

Dubuque, as seen from the station, is but a counterpart of her sister over the river, but I was told that on the bluffs the view is very fine; many elegant residences have been erected, and large and handsome stores adorn her business thoroughfares. We pass through a tunnel at least one-half a mile long, cut through the bluff, and are off again over the long stretch of prairie that lies between the Mississippi and the Missouri, a distance of 326 miles. There is a great charm about this vast sea of living green, spreading everywhere in graceful undulations. We stop frequently, there being thirty-nine stations on the road between the two rivers. Many of these are towns without houses or inhabitants, only in prospect; very many are flourishing trade centres, which, doubtless, in time, will become important cities. I can scarcely see any limit to the development of this wonderful section. Now we see an emigrant train of four wagons winding along the road that follows a little ravine, where a low growth of cottonwoods affords shade from the burning heat. Cows and oxen and men walking leisurely along complete the picture. Many of the wagon trains are composed of emigrants of small means. These often stop where work is brisk, labor awhile, gather up a little to add to their slim stock, and again move on until they find a desirable location on which to settle. What fields of corn, what acres upon acres of spring wheat, green and thrifty! No wonder such huge grain elevators as they have in Chicago are needed. In a field just passed, a two-horse cultivator is being driven through the corn, a little colt following close upon the heels of its dam. I understand all these vast corn-fields are worked by machinery. Now the road runs through low timber and chaparral, from which we emerge into the same sea of green, but most beautifully diversified with flowers, and the first roses give forth their fragrance. They are low bushes, scarcely a foot high, but scattered about in profusion. At Independence we see mills on a very pretty stream. The town looks well. Cedar Falls is another pretty, thriving place; a river, from which I was told the town gets its name, runs through it.

There is some timber, and around many of the more prosperous farmers' homes cottonwood trees are planted to break the force of the winds, which sweep over these prairies with great violence. The larger part of the houses have not a green thing above a foot in height in sight of them. Of course when the corn crop is in full size it makes an exception. All trace of tree or shrub is at last lost sight of, and in a circuit of at least fifty miles the eye finds nothing to rest upon, east, west, north or south, but the occasional log hut of the settler, the blue sky, and the undulating sea of living green. As we fly rapidly along, the same monotony of sight greets us. Yet to me it is not tedious. It seems so fresh from the hand of our Father—a renewal of his benefaction, not marred by the unsightly stumps or half-charred logs that so disfigure more Eastern settlements. It seems to invite the thrifty farmer to come and take possession, plow, sow, and in due time reap, all with less labor than in heavily wooded regions is required to clear the land. We have passed many emigrant trains, all similar to the one seen first.

For many miles an unbroken solitude reigns supreme, then again we come into a strip of cottonwoods, and see many plantations of trees, mostly cottonwoods, which grow quickly and make a good shade, besides being excellent for fuel. Coal is plenty in the neighborhood of Webster City. A branch road runs to the mines, a mile or so distant, which are being worked extensively.

Late in the afternoon we reach Fort Dodge, where we stop for the night. I take a coach for the best hotel, which proves to be but a shabby affair. The town has a thriving look, and some of the stores and private residences are well built. The Illinois Central Railroad has done everything for this section of Iowa. All the stations have well-built houses, and every facility for transportation and passage is afforded. There is but one track, yet the numerous turnouts, with the unbroken view, make danger of collision very small. The day has been most charming; no traveller could ask a better. I retire early, but it is long before sleep finds me a willing votary. The whip poor-will tells his mournful story to the bright-faced moon that is smiling complacently on him the while. My room is small, dirty and close; the window looks out upon an ill-kept yard, but the clear blue of the vault above invites to contemplation, "the peace of God which passeth understanding" stills the tumult of thought, and at last I am lost in the oblivion of repose.

SIXTH MO. 1ST.—I will see the muddy waters of the Missouri before noon to-day, said I, as I awoke with the dawn of this bright day. The cars were to start at six. I had nearly an hour. How delightful to spend the intervening time among the profusion of wild beauty that formed the suburbs of Fort Dodge. The thought resolved itself into action. I found the beauty, but lost my passage. There was no alternative but to stay over until the same hour next day, or take a seat in the caboose of a freight train going an hour later, and which would reach Sioux City late in the afternoon. I chose the latter, and received the kindest attention from the conductor. We travel very slowly, putting off or taking on freight at every station. Most of the stations on this part of the route are mere stopping-places, without other buildings, though laid out in town lots, with spacious streets; doubtless there will be settlers in all of them before the summer passes, but they will have a hard time of it. There is so little timber that even the most simple and rude house must be costly, and the water is so inferior, and there are so few springs or streams, that in the winter especially there must be great exposure and suffering. None but the strong and hopeful should ever seek homes in this region. I see many pale, delicate women, who look out of place in this rough life.

The finest scenery on this road is in the vicinity of Storm Lake, a charming sheet of water lying out on the prairie, clear and sparkling. Thousands of trees have been planted around it, and a spacious avenue leads from the station to the margin of its waters.

The town is mostly on the opposite side of the railroad, but a large park has been laid out and planted with trees and shrubbery between the railroad and the lake. Doubtless in a few years this will be one of the most delightful places for summer resort in all this region of country. I was informed that gunning parties from the Atlantic States come out here to shoot wild duck. Fish, some of them weighing one hundred pounds, are caught in abundance.

Cherokee and Le Mars are points of interest to settlers, and will soon become important places. At length we reach Sioux City and the turbid waters of the Missouri. I take lodgings in a hotel overlooking the river from the balcony, and watch the swift current as it winds along in and out between the bluffs, which on the Iowa side rise abruptly from the water's edge, a little beyond the city. In front of the hotel at the river bank is a rude reservoir, capable of holding several hundred gallons of water, to which is attached a sort of apparatus for raising water from the river. A bony white horse patiently trudges round and round from morning till night to keep the wheel in motion. Water-tight wagons are driven under and filled from the reservoir, and in this way nearly all the water used in the city is obtained. It is very muddy, but soon settles, though it seldom becomes quite clear. I had intended to notice in place the windmills that are seen at all the water stations along the road over which we traveled to-day. They are used for supplying water to the engines. The steamer on which I am to go up the Missouri is at the wharf receiving freight, but will not leave before Seventh day. A note from G. informs me of his inability to leave the Agency long enough to meet me at this place. I have traveled thus far without accident, and am willing to risk the remainder, though it is said the Missouri is perhaps the most dangerous river to navigate that we have.

3d.—I go on board "The Miner," and find everything in the very best order; a stately middle-aged mulatto woman has charge of the staterooms, and clean sheets and fresh towels promise comfort. We leave the wharf at noon. We float on the muddy waters of this wonderful river, which from its entrance into the Mississippi is navigable 3,300 miles. A high bluff rises from the water on the right; on the other side, the land for some distance back is level and covered with coarse grass. The banks are constantly changing. A few days, even a few hours sometimes, are sufficient to throw the channel into an entirely different part of the river. I sit with other passengers in the wheel-house. The pilot dare not leave his post, even for a few moments, without some one competent taking his place, the most constant vigilance being required. The river is high, yet we hear now and then the bottom of the boat grating on the sand. There is a bewildering sense of unreality about all this part of my journey. It is so unlike any other I have ever taken. The danger enhances the excitement. Now the bluffs are on one side, then on the other. There, winding many miles inland, is the former course of the river; while the rushing, tumultuous waters, becoming impatient of the bend, have cut their way through, and thus saved a circuit of twenty miles to the navigator.

Now, a deposit taken from some other place has been made, which throws the bluffs a mile or more inland. Even this is again being washed out, and falling in, is borne along to be again deposited at the caprice of the wilful waters. Some of the bluffs seem to be composed of loose sand. Many more are of a kind of chalky stone which yields readily to the action of the water. Most of the bottom lands are covered with timber, cottonwood and willow being the most common. Huge trees are washed out by the roots and carried down with the current; these, sticking fast in the mud, as they frequently do, render the navigation of the river perilous. To strike one of these snags, as they are called, is a catastrophe which is almost certain to shipwreck the craft. All along the channel are little eddying surfaces where the water seems to bubble and whirl, as if springs were boiling underneath. It is the frequency of these that makes falling overboard a dangerous experiment, and there is an undertow in the river that the best swimmers, it is said, are afraid of. The night is very clear, the moon shining in unclouded splendor. It is not usual to run during the night, but the captain is anxious to make a quick trip, and the sky being without a cloud, we move on until near daylight, when for a few hours the engine is stopped. We resume our voyage when it is light enough to see the channel. The river presents the same features that it has all along. At Vermillion, on the Dakota side, we haul along the bank and put off two ladies and two children, coming from Canada to meet the husband of one of the ladies, who had preceded them to make ready a home in this wilderness.

After a voyage of one hundred and seventy miles, though the distance is only sixty miles by land, we reach Yankton about noon on First-day. All the men of the town must have turned out to see the arrival. There is a bustling time; no respect is paid to the day; freight is unloaded and hauled away. Passengers who, like myself, are going further, look about for a conveyance. An open wagon large enough to hold all of us and our baggage is soon engaged, and in a little time we are off at full speed over the hills of Dakota. The face of the country is the same as that of Iowa. A ride of thirty miles is before us; the day is warm and the wind high, the wagon without cover, and it is difficult to keep an umbrella raised. Bald bluffs and deep ravines succeed each other; the latter are generally well covered with timber and underbrush. The road is excellent, not a stone to be seen; the hills are steep, and their descent looks perilous, but we get along safely.

Many settlers from Bohemia are located along this road. They are thrifty, well-to-do people.

Large herds of cattle and many horses are feeding on the luxuriant grass that covers with a green mantle all this vast prairie land. We stop at Springfield, which is opposite Santee Agency. It is too late to venture across the river in the frail canoes that are used for ferry-boats, so I am hospitably entertained at the house of one of G.'s friends. It is pleasant at least to know that, once across the river, my long journey of over fourteen hundred miles will have terminated.

SIXTH MONTH 5TH.—Crossing the Missouri during the June rising in a frail canoe that will barely accommodate two with the baggage of the passenger, is often perilous. The flood began to pour down last night, bringing with it an extra supply of mud, besides trees and drift-wood in abundance. The current, always rapid, is vastly increased, and the bottom lands are in many places under water. My hospitable friends, by whom I had been so kindly entertained, trembling for the safety of the tiny craft and its occupants, watched us push off into the whirling, rushing torrent. I sat motionless, for the slightest movement of my body might have been fatal in its results.

We were carried down stream a considerable distance; the oarsman knew the danger and was equal to it. In and out, among the floating logs, just escaping one to find ourselves running upon another, we at last reached the other side, where after several fruitless efforts we secured a tolerably good landing place. By a most fortunate coincidence, the Agency wagon was at the landing, waiting for another person who did not arrive. I took the vacant seat, beside a stalwart Indian of pure blood, and sat as much at my ease as if he had been white as myself.

Our road wound through a perfect garden of wild roses; the morning air was laden with their perfume, and the birds trilled out their sweetest songs. Evidently this bottom land, as it is called, has been washed in by the changing current of the river. The bluffs are on this side, a mile or more from shore,—a narrow belt of sapling willows and a heavy skirt of cottonwoods, with a few elms, constitute the timber. Most of this is being cut down for the erection of the new houses on the Indian claims.

Reached the Agency village, as it may be termed, in safety, and was set down at the Doctor's door, quite unexpected by him. He was at a loss to know how I had been so fortunate as to secure transportation.

All was soon explained, and I was introduced to the rude abode which was to be my home for an indefinite period. It is rough, certainly, and needs the busy hands of a willing woman to make it endurable.

Many of the Indians came forward to give me the hand of welcome. I share the hospitalities of the Agent's family, and endeavor to accommodate myself to the new life I am entering upon.

6th.—Cut and fitted a dress for an Indian to make. She is a fair needle-woman, though not very neat. The log huts of these people are scattered thickly around. The buildings stand on the first bluff that rises from the bottom land; a belt of cottonwoods grows at the base of the bluff, and affords some shade. These trees are tall and straight,—many of them as much as forty feet high before branching. I go with C—— to visit some families. The afternoon is very hot, but a fine breeze makes it less oppressive.

7th.—This is "issue-day." At an early hour the people from every quarter begin to come in. They squat around in circles on the bare ground; each band, of which there are six, forming a circle. I start out with C—— to look at them. They are a motley crowd; all the men have citizen's dress in various stages of wear, and of decidedly various forms and colors. The moccasin is the usual covering for the feet, though all have shoes issued to them. I notice how daintily small and shapely their hands and feet are.

The women, especially the old ones, are more decidedly Indian,—their limbs are encased in cloth leggings and their feet in moccasins. They wear a broadcloth skirt, with the selvage at the bottom for a border; some have the other selvage turned down like an over-skirt at the top. These bags of cloth, as they might be called, are gathered round the waist with a string or sash, and a calico sack, loose and ill-fitting, covers the body. Over all, in these sweltering summer days, they wear a heavy cloth shawl, laid on the head and falling around the shoulders.

Most of these old women are hard-featured, and bear the marks of toil. Very many of the middle-aged are corpulent, and there are a number of fine faces among them; some wear the dress of civilization, but quite as many dress as their mothers do. The young women and the children have usually well-fitting dresses, and wear shoes and stockings, but the inevitable shawl is always on the head or shoulders. Some of the younger girls are tastefully dressed. I see one with a gold chain wound several times around her neck and fastened with a locket; there are several who have finger-rings and breast-pins.

Those finely dressed have ridden in on nice ponies, with handsome saddles, and flourish their riding whips gracefully. It must be a cross for them to sit on the bare ground. I see they have found a log, but it scarcely prevents their nice dresses trailing in the dirt. Some have sunshades, but most of them sit in the broiling sun with the perspiration running down in a fair stream from their faces. They are very orderly and quiet. The heads of the bands, or others deputized by them, deal out. They are furnished according to the size of their families. Flour is issued first; after all are served, they move further up near the scales; we follow. Again they seat themselves in circles, with the half or a quarter of a beef in the centre. Two women in each band lay hold of the sinews in the four quarters, which they carefully take out, scraping all the meat from them. From these, when dried, they draw out the thread with which they sew their moccasins. Five beeves are usually slaughtered for each issue. One woman, with an axe, makes terrible onslaught on the quarter assigned her; she strikes with a will, and is not particular where the blow falls, so that the bones are broken. Another woman, with the assistance of a man, cuts off a shoulder. A third attempts the same, but so clumsily that I am tempted to show her how it should be done. Both men and women do the cutting up. The entrails and the vital organs are choice bits, which are eagerly appropriated. After all have received their portions, said to be generally satisfactory, they gather up the provender that is to last for the next three days, and stow away their pappooses in the indispensable shawl, which they form into a kind of pocket on the back, the child's head peeping out over the shoulder of the mother or grandmother (who is the usual one to carry it), and trudge off home. Those living at a distance come on ponies or in wagons. I see most of the old women are parrot-toed,—the result, doubtless, of carrying such heavy burdens. Everything that can be put into a bundle is slung across the shoulders, and held in place by a broad leather band that goes around the forehead and supports the load.

Sixth month 8th.—A little girl came to the agent's early this morning asking for hospital stores for a sick child. Some doubts arising, H— and I followed her home, and found it a subterfuge to obtain a little tea, sugar and rice. Of late neither sugar nor coffee has been issued to them. They are extravagantly fond of both, and resort to many such efforts to obtain them, though I believe no coffee is ever given to the sick. Crackers and dried fruits, the latter of superior quality, furnished by Friends, are added when needed.

The sick (?) child was sitting on the bed. He was fat and dirty, with a frying-pan in front of him, from which he was helping himself very freely to fried meat and bread, seeming to enjoy it. The family are very untidy, and have very little character or standing among the people.

C— and I go among the houses lying between the agency and the P. mission. Most of the families are thrifty and intelligent. One woman, a widow, interested me particularly. She was busy over a pile of odds and ends of old clothing, patching them into what will be a warm, though homely, bed quilt. She showed us four others she had made out of better material, mostly donated by Friends. Her house was in good order, the earth floor swept clean, and everything neatly arranged. She appeared to me to be a model Indian woman. Her corn looks well; she told us that *she* hoed all the weeds out.

We enter another house, where a young woman lives with her grandmother. Her husband has deserted her, and she seemed to be in much trouble. She was sitting on her bed, as do most of them, with her feet tucked under her, and a few pieces of half-washed clothes that had not been ironed lying beside her. She can sew, but has no knowledge about mending her stockings; seeing them very ragged, I offered to show her how to make new feet to them, if she will bring them to me. All the people appear glad to see us; some make considerable demonstrations. In another house we see that they are strangers to the darning needle. I arrange to give instructions in its use. One of the women speaks good English. They are not a reputable family. Two half-breed children belong to one of them. Violations of the seventh commandment are not looked upon as crimes by very many. I am sorry to add that even church members are among the delinquents. In every house we see evidences of the labor of the Agent's daughters. Their "works praise them." Little seats for the children, neatly covered with pieces of cloth of various colors, toilet stands, lounges and bed quilts, all the outgrowths of their self-sacrificing efforts, are adding to the comfort and cultivating a taste for better things among these people. Some of the quilts are very pretty, and the colors arranged with skill. These Indians are, however, still destitute of nearly all the comforts of civilized life, being in the transition state. Having given up the tent and its surroundings, with the wild, free life of their ancestors, they are trying to adapt themselves to our civilized ways, which in many instances are to them a real disadvantage, through ignorance and a certain thriftlessness that cannot well be prevented until they have better homes and more incentives to industry. All the women have much spare time that might be turned to good account if there were any way to make it available. Scores of bed quilts lie unfinished for want of pieces. Men and women clamor for work, but the Agency has not employment to give them. Everything that can be turned to account to bring them a little money is made and sold, always at the highest possible price.

Sixth month 11th.—A beautiful morning, though warm, with a good breeze stirring. Everything wears the mark of a true Sabbath. A more perfect quiet I never witnessed. The missionaries have taught the people that one day in the seven must be given to their Heavenly Father. It is a marvel to me that they have been brought so completely to observe it, and is an evidence of their orderly and teachable condition. Occasionally an old woman, who still clings to her ancient customs, presents herself at the Agent's with some trifle to sell, or asking some coveted goods; but such occurrences are rare.

We see the people in their best, either on foot or riding their ponies, on their way to their respective places of worship, the mission houses, which are a mile apart, at either extremity of the range of log huts which constitute the village. Friends' meeting is also held at the house of the agent, attended only by the employees. Thirteen formed the little gathering this morning. It was a very precious season to me, and I doubt not to others then present.

After dinner G— and I walked about a mile down the river to see a boy, said to have been run over by a loaded wagon. His grandfather is one of the influential Indian men, and has a roomy house, with more comforts than are usually found among these people. The child had not been seriously injured. We gave him an orange, rested ourselves under the lodge in front of the house for awhile, and then returned home through a luxuriant ravine. A little nervous about snakes, but saw none. A profusion of wild beauty charmed us. Roses, rich in perfume, and varying in color from bright red to the purest white, are blooming everywhere. We crush them under our feet, though it seems a profanation to tread upon anything so fragrant and beautiful. Many plants, entirely new to us, are in bloom; though we see some old, familiar friends among them.

13th.—I gave the proposed lesson in darning. One of my pupils does it beautifully. I shall have to lend them needles and cotton, as there are none for sale in the store. The deserted wife of whom I spoke came with her stockings, which I cut and arranged for her to sew. She was pleased with the effort, and did her part quite satisfactorily. I want to continue in this labor; it will give occupation for many of the hours which now hang so heavily upon the women. I wrote home, asking for needles and cotton to be sent forthwith, and I hope my request will be responded to. Many of the women look in at the door, half ashamed, waiting to be invited to join us; they bring their babies, hung on their backs in the indispensable shawl. I show them the pretty things given me by the children of Green Street schools. They never tire looking at the pictures, and I doubt not would like to possess them.

Every picture that falls in their hands is carefully fastened to the walls of their houses, which in many cases are covered with illustrated newspapers and such things.

SIXTH MONTH 24TH.—After early tea G—— and I started out for a walk over the hills to the south of us. The extreme heat of mid-day has given place to a cool, refreshing breeze that adds greatly to our enjoyment. We strike one of the numerous Indian trails that diverge from the Agency village in every direction. These trails are wonderfully direct, always the nearest route to any given point, and trodden as hard as a macadamized road, just wide enough for the footsteps of one person. They seem lost in the luxuriant growth of grass and wild flowers, but when we are once started there is no difficulty in keeping the path. Following the one we select, we are led through a wilderness of tall prairie grass, glowing in the bright colors with which nature adorns her lovely children, the flowers, and fragrant with the perfume of the roses, and, after a little time, we come to a ravine, through which flows a lost creek, so called from the fact of its losing itself at intervals in the quicksands and reappearing again, a peculiar feature of many of the streams in this prairie land. I confess to an instinctive dread of snakes. Every unfamiliar sound of insects startles me. A rattlesnake, to my imagination, is ever ready to spring from the underbrush upon us, and the assurance that such reptiles seek sunny hillsides and rocky hiding places is scarcely sufficient to repress my fears; therefore the dread of a bite from some huge creature abates, in no small degree, the enjoyment of our walk. The ravine through which the creek flows is deep and in places precipitous, worn through the gravelly and chalky hills by the rushing torrents that pour down with every hard rain, carrying trees, sand and rocks along in tumultuous confusion. This chalk stone has been quarried, and though soft enough to be cut with a knife, becomes harder after exposure to the weather, and is used for building purposes. The agency mill, just completed, has been built of it, and is a very fine structure.

We find larkspur and yucca out of flower, but take some seed, as both differ from home varieties. Roses are nearly done blooming, but still fragrant. Waxbush grows everywhere, and is just coming into flower in profusion. Clematis, convolvulus, hops and grapes are tangled up in every clump of shrubs. We see white ranunculus in bloom, also spiderwort and oxalis. Euphorbia and asclepias grow all over the bottom land, but are not yet in flower. Besides these familiar plants, we see a great variety with which we are entirely unacquainted, some of them delicately beautiful. A native gooseberry is now ripening; there are currants, but neither the one nor the other is equal to our cultivated ones; these and a seedy whortleberry are offered for sale by the Indians. Blackcap raspberries are ripening and appear to be plenty. We follow the course of the creek (which at this point is dry, except after heavy rains) until we strike a trail leading to a distant hill, used as a place of sepulchre. The Indians always bury on the tops of their highest hills. The air is so bracing one may walk a long distance without fatigue. As we follow our narrow path, something larger than a grasshopper stirs the grass before me, and my heart beats more quickly, but it is only for a moment. A poor, harmless little gopher, in his elegantly-shaded brown jacket, was the innocent cause of alarm; I beg for his life, but he is an enemy and must be killed. We climb to the summit of the hill and stand among the rude monuments, placed by the hands of affection; many of the graves are without other mark than a stick at the head and foot. Over one a house has been erected, which is neatly covered with white cotton cloth, and at a distance it looks like marble; others are enclosed with fences, made of such material as the means of the survivors enable them to procure.

We take possession of two rude seats near an inclosure containing two little graves. The view from here of the surrounding country is of great extent. To the north we see the tortuous course of the Missouri, its muddy waters lit up by the slanting beams of the setting sun. Across to the right, the village of Bon-homme is all aflame with golden light streaming from every window pane. Far away beyond the river lies the level prairie-land of Dakota, dotted here and there with the cabin of some enterprising Bohemian.

On this side of the river a skirt of timber covers the bottom land, which is at least a mile in width, and then begin the bluffs, bordered by a line of lofty cottonwood trees; on the table-land, between the bluffs and this range of hills, the Santee Agency buildings lift their humble proportions; and humble enough they are. Whatever may be said about the luxury and extravagance of *other* government officials, it can never be charged against the employees at this point that they used money of the government for their own profit or lived in luxurious ease; so rigid has been the economy in the construction and arrangement of the buildings that even the privacy of the home circle, so dear to every family of cultivation and refinement, has no centering point, but is at any hour subject to invasion.

I can scarcely see the propriety of Friends who come out here as agents for the Government, cutting themselves down to the barest necessities of physical life—food and shelter from the storms. I think all this and more as we sit on the rude seats, placed here by the hand of some mourning mother (for I have come back again to this little plot.) The heart of the Indian woman has a mother's love to which an answering chord in my own heart responds. Here she comes to weep over her babes, and a tear for the loved—gone, but not lost—wells up. Submission to the providence, faith in the promise, bring comfort. Has the sad mother of these buried babes bowed to the one and found peace in the other? The shades of evening gather around. The full moon, in clear, silvery beauty, is shining down through the dewy twilight, and we turn our footsteps into a trail which leads directly to the village. On our way we pass the lone grave of the unfortunate Cook who was murdered by the Indians about a year ago. He is said to have been a man of violent temper, and in a quarrel with some

Indians who were working under him, he became so enraged that he fired upon them, killing one. The others then took the gun from him and beat him to death. It was a sad affair, and spread a feeling of gloom over the settlement. In one of my walks among the people I met with the widow of the murdered Indian. How many occurrences of the kind might be avoided if we only learned to rule ourselves before we undertook to govern others.

SEVENTH MONTH 7TH.—Accept an invitation to ride with the agent this morning to the grist-mill, about eight miles distant. We start early, as the day is likely to be hot; but a high wind is blowing in true Nebraska style. It is impossible to keep an umbrella raised; we cannot even keep our hats on without tying them down with our handkerchiefs. Little attention is paid to the *looks* out here; one has at times quite enough to do to keep from blowing away entirely. I have been seriously threatened with being taken up bodily, but so far have stood ground, and am safe on *terra firma*. The road runs through the bottom land, at the foot of the bluffs. From these to the river, the bottom is covered with tall, coarse grass, interspersed at intervals with patches of cultivated ground and Indian houses. The mowing machine has been at work in several places. We pass some very comfortable-looking homes; one especially pleases me. It is on the edge of a ravine, the ground a little elevated, and, surrounded with beautiful shade trees, is just the spot a lover of nature would choose, and where he who speaks for her — the poet — might feel himself at home. I have seen no place so charming since I came out here. The owner has fine crops, is raising stock, and has an ice-house. He and another man carried ice from the river, a quarter of a mile off, on hand-barrows, last winter to fill it. Men so persevering are sure to succeed. I think there are few white men who would do the same with such a means of conveyance, for these hand-barrows have no wheels, but are simply willow saplings bound together with withes, ending in two shafts, forming a bed on which they contrive to tie whatever load they wish to carry; usually the pony is geared in some fashion to it, but often it is dragged along by themselves.

The bottom land gradually grows narrower; after a few miles we come to where the lofty bluffs are washed by the river. The road here winds over the bluffs, and the view from their summit is very fine. Beautiful ravines lying between come down to the water's edge; clumps of oak and walnut and wild plum and alder, tangled up with innumerable vines, add to the charm of their appearance. The country is broken by a series of hills, some of which are bald on their summits, looking like giant sentinels keeping watch over the treacherous river; usually they are covered with the various grasses native to the country, and are adorned with the many tints of the wild flowers. Some of these hills are fearfully steep. With the wind blowing at the rate it does there seems to be danger of being blown off into the river. We go up precipitous heights only to go down equally precipitous ones on the other side. Our equipage is terribly strained. We keep our seats and the wagon holds together; the difficulty is in keeping the horses right. Now one side is going on respectably, while the other rebels at the rough usage and lets go its hold; straps of leather and a few strings put that in a good humor, and we travel along nicely again; but another hill, with its corresponding declivity, and the well-behaved side gets offended and refuses to proceed; again it is coaxed into duty and we get on. I conclude it is the fault of this terrible Nebraska gale blowing the horses out of the harness. After sundry detentions we reach the charming little valley through which the Bazile finds its way to the Missouri. On this creek, not far from its mouth, stands the grist-mill of the Santee Agency. It is a neat chalk-stone building, apparently well adapted to the purposes for which it has been erected. The first flour was ground on the 4th instant. It cost the Agent much labor and anxiety. Owing to the peculiarities of the soil the dam had to be constructed in a different manner from that in which they are built in our eastern states. He has the satisfaction of seeing all the difficulties overcome, and the whole in complete running order. It is thought there will be nearly enough wheat raised on the Reservation to supply the Indians for the ensuing year. We dine at the miller's, rest ourselves, and return to the village about sundown. The wind lulled, and the drive home was delightful.

11th.—It is reported that a company of Yankton squaws are coming across the river to dance. It is raining; but they are not to be put off. The shower soon passes over; we hear the clatter of their castanets over the ravine; all the curious hasten to witness the performance. I am among them, and join the crowd of lookers-on. There are about twenty in all; several men take part. Many of the women are young, and would be good looking were it not for the stripes of red and blue paint with which they have disfigured their faces. One especially attracted my attention; she is a model of queenly dignity, and might sit for a Pocahontas to adorn the Capitol. Her dress is of red flannel, cut low in the neck, with short sleeves, and rather short skirt; it fits loosely and is bound with purple braid. Over this she wears a costly long shawl, woven in alternate stripes of red and white. It is put on with the most studied attention to the effect; a girdle confines it at the waist, and it is so arranged that the fringe just reaches to the top of the binding on the skirt, making it look like a walking dress open before. The part above the sash or girdle is folded so that she can throw it over her head at pleasure. She wears long ear jewels carved out of pearl shell, and hung in the upper part of the ears. A wreath of green willow crowns her ebony tresses, which are plaited and hang down her back. Her foot and ankle are cast in nature's finest mould, and the leggings and moccasins are gems of Indian bead work. She is the best-dressed Indian woman I have yet seen, and the taste which she displays in the arrangement of her toilet astonishes me. This dancing, too, might put to shame the gay waltzes of our polite society, it is so decorous. The party are formed in a circle, a few men, with rattles and other things to make a noise with, taking part; many wear wreaths of leaves—some have hats. They sing in a wild, monotonous manner, now and then adding a yell for a flourish. They move slowly round, rising on their toes, but scarcely lifting them from the ground, keeping time to the din of what is intended for music. All are painted, and the men wear feathers; an old man who appears to be their leader calls out to be more lively, whereupon they throw up their hands, squeal, laugh, and get up a general excitement, in the midst of which the first dance concludes. Later they arrange for a dance in another part of the village, but a letter from their Agent requesting A. M. J. to send them off the Reservation arrives just in time to put a stop to the fun. Flour and beef are given them, and they are requested to return to their homes. I am suprised to see how readily they submit to the powers that be. A lesson for some of our imported chivalrous citizens who indulge in street brawls.

14th.—The Superintendent arrived to-day, in company with the new Agent and his family.

There will be busy times here for a while, as all the annuity goods are to be distributed, and there will be councils and meetings of various kinds. The influx of six new-comers is an important event, which is duly appreciated by us all.

SEVENTH MONTH 17TH.—The assorting and allotting of the annuity goods begins to-day. As there is less than half the quantity asked for, the Agent is at a loss to know how to distribute with satisfaction. They are divided into six parts for the six bands, and a council of the chiefs and head men has been called to advise further procedure. There is an immense amount of writing to be done; every cup, barrel and basin belonging to the government must be duly enumerated, and five copies of all property held in trust by the employees have to be made out.

It would seem next to impossible to defraud the government, with all the safeguards that are thrown around the expenditure of money, and yet there are said to be men who have heretofore held the position of Indian agent, that have amassed large fortunes while so employed.

18th.—The council is to be held this afternoon at 4 o'clock. In the meantime the parcelling out of the goods is completed. At the appointed hour, the superintendent, the retiring and the incoming agents, with many of the employees, and others, meet the chiefs in council. The superintendent, through an interpreter, informed them of the amount of goods that had been sent, and his surprise at the smallness of the quantity. He stated that he did not know who was to blame, possibly it might be a mistake, but he had called them together to receive what had been sent, and to sign a paper releasing him.

They listened attentively to all he had to communicate, talked awhile among themselves, giving the "ho," an exclamation of approval, to whatever met their wishes, and then the head man of those present (Wapusa, their chief, being absent from sickness) advanced, and offered his hand to the superintendent, the agents and all the white persons present. Stepping back a few paces, after this ceremony, he began his speech, prefacing it with an acknowledgment of the uniform kindness of the superintendent and the agent, and his belief that their intentions towards the Indians were good. In what he had to say he did not blame either of them, but his "young men and all the head men wanted him to speak for them. They were not willing to sign the paper. When the goods came last year, there was plenty, and they were glad because all the men were set on the same footing as their white brothers; now it will not be so. You asked for the same amount for us, and they have sent us so little. We want you to send word to the department at Washington, that we are not satisfied, and to ask them to tell us why they have treated us so." At every pause in his speech a simultaneous "ho" broke from the lips of every Indian of influence present.

The superintendent responded by telling them that he was willing to write to Washington and inquire for them. Another chief then came forward, went through the ceremony of shaking hands, and made his speech, which was somewhat similar to the former, only that he wanted the superintendent to inquire whether the coffee, sugar and bacon they were receiving were taken from their annuity. If they knew how they were paid for, they would be better satisfied. They would like to have more clothing, but they did not want to give up the other things. The paper was prepared and then read to them. It met with their approval, and each of the chiefs signed it by touching the pen at their several names. This ended the council. I have given only a brief outline of what was said.

The decorum of the Indians throughout this interesting occasion was worthy of all praise. The speakers were earnest and fluent, and their gestures appropriate. I was very glad of the opportunity of being present.

19th.—All the goods are being boxed up again to await further orders from Washington. This unlooked-for delay interferes with the sewing school, which it was proposed to open, for the purpose of having such of the goods made up as would most likely be traded off by those who could not make them up for themselves.

20th.—C. and I go out to see what can be done respecting our sewing school, as Genesee Friends, in reply to suggestions respecting the advantages of such a school, promptly responded by sending a check, which places it in our power to begin. We engage an intelligent woman, who speaks English, to assist; and request her to give notice among her neighbors, and conclude to open on next Third-day. Make several calls while we are out. In one of the homes we saw a woman preparing porcupine quills for moccasin work. She is an industrious and tidy housekeeper. I saw one of those beautiful saddles which the Santee women make. It was elaborately worked with beads in artistic patterns, on a very nice buckskin. They are worth from fifteen to thirty dollars; the price being regulated by the amount of beadwork on them. There was considerable bustle in front of an adjoining house. We discovered that a number of women were saddling their ponies for a ride to Yankton, thirty miles off; one of them taking her baby on in front. Slight attention had been paid to the toilet of either baby or mother. I suggested the propriety of using a little soap and water on the baby's face and hands before starting on so long a journey. A dry cloth was made to do duty, and they trotted off, as happy as their simple hearts and rude surroundings could make them.

They had not worn themselves out with preparations, as many of their pale-faced sisters would have done, and were fresh and strong, and no doubt will have a nice time with their Yankton friends.

EIGHTH MONTH 4TH.—The sewing school today numbers twenty-two; not more than half are children; several of the women are widows, others have husbands. The larger part are good needlewomen, and are drawn to the school with the hope of receiving gifts.

The unexpected delay in giving out their annuity goods works badly. It is well that the disappointment comes in warm weather; were it cold there would be positive suffering. Not being good managers, their clothing is very much the worse for wear; many of the boys are in rags.

The old women clamor for underclothing; some will hardly be put off. Our efforts are mainly directed towards very small children, the material remaining on hand being more suitable for them, and the want of clothing greater. All work diligently. One little girl only has not learned how to hold her needle or wear a thimble. Some of the smaller girls are interested in making patchwork covers for sewing boxes, which I intend giving them. The older ones have cloth tops, which they are working in designs of their own. Their boxes will be larger. A box with hinges is a desirable gift. We find a great demand for them. We are finishing up sun-bonnets. It is surprising how accurately some of the women have run the casings; the small girls do the hemming. They look well, and the children are pleased with the prospect of having them. It is so desirable to get the shawls off their heads. There will be little difficulty with the children,—the trouble lies with the young women, who are so afraid of the ridicule of the older ones and the remarks of the men that few have courage to adopt a more civilized covering.

Eighth month 8th.—The little girls came in to school to-day wearing their nice sun-bonnets. They look so much better in them; we have them laid carefully by, to teach them neatness and order. There are among the boxes of things many scraps of silks and velvets; they will make pretty needle-books. Several of the best sewers offer to make them. As there is not sufficient material on hand to keep all busy with useful garments, we think it right to have the pieces put to the best advantage. Each girl who makes one book for us gets material to make one for herself. Maggie, our forewoman and interpreter, is admirably adapted to her place. She is quiet and patient, is tolerably well educated in English, and understands cutting out and making all kinds of clothing. It would be impossible to conduct the school without such assistance. When little matters come up that we wish the children to know, she is always ready to interpret. Stories are read to them, which she translates. I take occasion sometimes to tell them about the home-life of children where I live. They listen with marked attention, and think it very funny that they always wash and comb before eating their breakfast.

15th.—School very large to-day. The doctor turned his office into a hospital to accommodate an Indian who was bitten by a rattlesnake last Third-day afternoon; so the school had to be adjourned for want of room. The man recovered, and the school, to the great delight of all, has been resumed.

I am pained to learn that one of the most promising young women has eloped with a young married man. I could not have thought it possible for her to be led astray, and how I wish I could speak her language; it would be such a satisfaction to say to her all that my heart prompts. There is little hope for improvement until the women are made to see that they must be chaste to be respected. The arrival of my box from Philadelphia adds greatly to our stock of material. The bundle of children's clothing from R. H. is most timely. The women who have little children are so glad to mend the garments that need it, and receive them as gifts. A number of hats sent by some of the kind-hearted little girls are just the things we wanted. One of us fixed them up from the scraps of ribbon, velvet and silk, that were still on hand, and we have now the satisfaction of knowing that seven of the young women have nice hats of their own, which they evinced much delight in receiving.

16th, Fourth-day.—Jennie comes to iron the clothes washed on Second-day. She does it beautifully, and is a valuable woman. She speaks a little English. A photographer has been here some time taking views; very many of the Indians have their likenesses, Jennie among the rest. It is excellent, and she is wonderfully pleased with her good looks.

Afternoon.—I go home for a few days with L., who has been helping us in the school. The ride is very pleasant. The corn that was hardly in tassel when I traveled the road with A., is now ready for use. The Indians have booths erected all over the fields, where they remain until it is gathered, boiled, and dried, ready to be stored away for winter use.

We see the ears spread out over the tops of their lodges to dry. This appears to be a very easy way to harvest the green corn, as it saves much carrying back and forth. These fields are planted and hoed by several families, and the product gathered by each according to the amount cultivated. The flowers, too, are of a different kind. There must be acres of sunflowers; they grow everywhere. Small purple asters are just coming out. The grasses are heading, some of the varieties much taller than a man; where it was just mown on my former ride, a fine aftergrowth is ready for the scythe. The river is low; huge sand banks lie high and dry in the very middle of the stream. Long bars, that must be half a mile in extent, show how dangerous the navigation must be in times of high water. We pass the charming Indian home that appeared so beautiful, nestling among the trees. The clematis is doing its best to make it more beautiful, but the glaring sunflower seems bent on overshadowing everything. Wild grapes offer their rich purple clusters of tiny fruit without stint. They and hops cover most of the low shrubbery. I find that I got my notes a little mixed up before, which I wish to correct. The ice-house does not belong to this place, but to the next one, which is nearer the river and not so prettily situated. Both belong to good and enterprising men, the former being a minister of the Presbyterian Church. I am informed by G. T., with whom we are riding, that the estimate of the amount of wheat raised on the Agency is much greater than will be realized.

19th.—The quiet of this place, the mill, is most grateful. I enjoy rambling over the hills and along the margin of the creek; no other houses than the mill and the dwelling-house of the miller are within sight, the nearest being a mile distant. Flocks of little birds come down to the creek to wash and plume their tiny jackets; wild ducks are seen in small numbers; soon there will be plenty. I return to the village in time for tea, but too late to send my weekly contribution to the *Intelligencer*.

EIGHTH MONTH 31ST.—While I was preparing breakfast, Pepe dropped in for medical advice; he has not been well for some time. He is always so polite and respectful. I told G. to ask him to take coffee with us. He accepted, but complained of want of appetite. My table was unusually inviting; eggs had been brought in plentifully the day before, and I had not spared them in the omelet or on the egg-plant. He sat down with us, and ate respectably; he was delighted with the egg-plant,—he had never tasted it before; took sliced tomatoes, and everything else that was set before him, eating heartily. After we had finished, he complimented me by saying, "It is better than Dakota," he "can eat much."

I showed him my portfolio of pictures. He at once recognized the interior of Independence Hall, and told us about his visit to Washington and Philadelphia in company with other chiefs and head men of his tribe. Much of his conversation was but imperfectly understood, but our familiarity with the localities enabled us to guess what was not intelligible. He is a sensible man, with an excellent memory, and must have been observing. We soon had quite a Dakota company. Ha-ke-was-te, the handsome chief, came in, and joined in conversation. He admired the pictures, and remembered that I gave his little daughter a black hat with blue trimmings. Meanwhile Hannah Sky, in rude fashion, introduced me to her mother. Hannah has been ill, and has been absent from school several sessions. Her work-box is covered, and she looks admiringly at the pretty top, worked nicely by her own skilful fingers in designs of her own. These boxes, which the girls have been making covers for, are much valued. Few of them have any other place than the pallet on which they sit, and where at night they sleep, to keep their clothes or sewing. A good strong box, with a lid with hinges, nicely lined with papers, the picture sides out, and a pretty curtain of calico on the outside, the lid stuffed like a cushion and covered with cloth, on which designs of buds and flowers have been wrought in applique with silks and velvets of various hues, is a treasure that all are anxious to possess.

Seldom is such cheap benevolence so useful. One squaw amused us greatly. Being a mother, she was favored with a box of extra dimensions. She was much pleased with the gift, wrapped it up in a blanket, slung it across her shoulders, and bore it in triumph to her tipi. This morning she came in very diffidently. "What is wanted, Nancy?" I ask. She tells me in Dakota that her box is nice ("was-te"), but she wants a lock put on it, with a key that she can keep, so that when she puts her things in the box they will stay there until she takes them out. Only a lock (which possibly a dime might purchase) between her and happiness! I could not help thinking of a friend at home who would not begrudge a gross of them to make these poor women happy. On my promise to see if there were any on the Agency that would be suitable, she departed hopefully. Hannah receives the hat which had been reserved for her, and a comb and brush, besides some pieces of silk and velvets which had fallen to her in dividing the few scraps that had not been used.

To her mother is given a share of the part-worn clothing for her little boy, and as many tomatoes as she is willing to carry home. They departed very happy.

Pretty soon Paul's wife came in, by appointment, to receive the things promised her last evening when G. and I were there. Paul's pantaloons were out at the knees. He is a good man, and deserves to be better cared for. I told her so, and gave her some patches; also some thread and buttons.

Other Dakota gentlemen joined the two who were having a pleasant time over the pictures. G. showed them many curious and interesting things. The morning passed rapidly away, and it was nearly noon when they arose to go. I ask myself again, as I have done many times, Can it be possible that these are the men whose horrible atrocities in the Minnesota massacre shocked the whole civilized community? I would fain believe that charge to be false.

The evening was beautiful. G. had to visit a man and his wife who are sick, and I shared his pleasant moonlight walk. Unexpectedly we stumbled upon the runaway couple. While G. attended to the sick in the tent adjoining, I improved the opportunity with the erring. The man is young, understands English, and talks quite fluently. I hope he will be made to see the great wrong he has been guilty of, and do what he can to make amends; he promised to seek after the right. Returning, we stopped for a few minutes at Maggie's. What a kind, motherly heart she has! Nancy's boy is sick, and she is too indulgent to force him to take the medicine the doctor orders. Maggie knows the boy is running down very fast, and that he must be more wisely cared for. There he lies upon *her* bed; she has undertaken to see that the doctor's directions are faithfully carried out, and I think she will soon have the child well.

Several Yanktons, who are here on a visit to Samuel Hinnman, are sitting around, and we shake hands and exchange a few words through Maggie as an interpreter. They are painted and adorned with feathers, quite unlike the civilized Santees. As it was yet early we stopped at Louis's, where we found a woman sitting on the ground with a candle before her, busy over ribbon work. She is doing it with the nicest precision. Louis told us that he is preparing to go up to the Yankton Agency on a trading expedition. The woman was trimming a common calico shirt with this beautiful work. The shirts, with leggings of flannel or cheap cloth, trimmed to match, and a tuft of deer-tail dyed red and blended with some other hair to fasten on the top of the head, will readily purchase a fine pony worth forty dollars.

Ninth month 1st.—This date should find me in the little circle of home. But I am still here, uncertain about the time of leaving. To-day closes my efforts in the sewing-school. Everything has been turned to some account that could be made use of. There is a wide field for usefulness among these women and children. The men are leaving them far behind in the path of civilization. They need the kind and continuous labors of a motherly woman, one who can find the good that is in them, and wisely direct it. Many such are sitting in unprofitable ease, in their ceiled houses, wondering whether there is anything for them to do, and yet shrinking from the responsibilities that missionary labor involves. A little money, a large amount of self-sacrificing effort, and a steady persistence would work a wonderful change in these ignorant minds. The query arises: "Who is sufficient for these things?" Let such as have taken thought answer to the "Searcher of hearts."

Ninth month 6th.—Yesterday I participated in a feast, or, as we at home would say, a dinner party, given to the chiefs, head men and their wives, numbering in all twenty-four persons. The custom of inviting wives with their husbands originated with the missions; at first the Indians scarcely knew what to make of it, considering their manly dignity lessened by sitting down to a feast with them. They have gotten over all their scruples, and the wives walked in with their husbands as bravely as if it had been a custom of their fathers and mothers.

The hour of twelve had been designated, and very near the time they entered the room, dressed, with few exceptions, in clean and genteel garments. The head chief and his wife were seated at the head of the longest table, out of respect to his position. The rest were ranged as they went in. I observed that in nearly every instance the wife sat next her husband. There was one exception, and he one of the oldest, and perhaps the best among them. He has two wives, one of whom is the blind woman mentioned by me some time back. The other is much younger, but being in mourning for a little child, buried a few weeks ago, is not at liberty to engage in any manner of festivities. I might as well add that this chief is most deplorably ragged. Being the second chief in point of importance, one might conclude that he ought to make a better appearance; but to his credit it is said that in the division of clothing and rations he is entirely unselfish, scarcely taking at times what he is entitled to. I have often wished to give him a better coat.

But let us look after the party just seated. Two babies have been dexterously turned out of the "inevitable" shawls, and are ready to take their portion. Grace is said after the form of the Episcopal service. All wait until they are helped. Roast beef, and a variety of vegetables, in abundance, are rapidly placed before them, and they eat respectably and with good appetites. It is marvelous how fast the viands disappear.

The onion sauce, prepared after the most approved receipt, is especially liked. Indians are extravagantly fond of onions. Bread and butter and pumpkin pie, with an unlimited supply of ice-water, completed the bill of fare. When all had partaken to satisfaction, a pipe was lighted and handed to the head chief; he drew a few whiffs, and passed it to the next chief, and he in turn to the next, passing by the women. When all had smoked, one of the company made a speech, narrating a legend connected with the settlement of Germantown. To this two responses were made, and the thanks of the guests tendered to their entertainers.

A general shaking of hands closed this novel and, to me, interesting entertainment. Three of those present had dined with great men, at the best hotels of our eastern cities. The rest had known no higher honor than to sit down with their beloved missionaries, yet all behaved with decorum, leaving an impression favorable to themselves on the mind of every white person present.

9th.—The wind has been blowing a gale for the past two days. Last night, just as we were about retiring, with the wonder whether the old house could stand such furious gusts, we heard a terrible crash. The office window had given way, and was precipitated into the room, crushing whatever stood in the way, but only breaking two panes of glass. Before that could be righted, the window in the adjoining room followed suit, and for a time the wind had its own way. It was too late to call assistance. G. fixed some boards on the outside, which I had to hold until he could make a light and replace the office window. With a few strong nails we succeeded in the effort, but it was not until this morning that all the mischief was disclosed. I think it would have been the best thing that could have happened to the Agency for the whole building to have blown down. It is unfit for the use to which it is applied, and should be either repaired or demolished at once.

My visit among these people is drawing to a close. Next Third-day is the time appointed for me to start homeward. Many of those with whom I am most acquainted call to say farewell. I am strangely moved by their expressions of regard, though they are uttered in an unknown tongue. I believe I have made some hearts lighter. I know my inner life has been strengthened and its hopes enlarged.

I have bowed with them before the mercy seat, and known true spiritual worship; have joined in their songs of praise, and felt that it was good to be there. The tabernacle of God is with men. His holy abiding is neither within this wall nor upon that altar, but with His people everywhere. They who have been permitted to enter His heavenly enclosure join with glad hearts in ascriptions of praise unto Him who hath gathered them out of every kindred and nation, every tribe and people.

SUMMER RECREATIONS.

EIGHTH MONTH, 1873.

THE Keystone State, which we are to cross diagonally to the bluff shores of Lake Erie, is a living volume, speaking to the eye, whispering to the heart, the unuttered things of the future:—written all over with the fulfilment of the prophecies hidden within its lofty summits, its sparkling rivers and its smiling valleys that make haste with waving plumes of ripening harvests to reward the labor of the careful husbandman. It is midnight before we are fairly started, but the sleeping car in which we have secured seats is not yet "made up" for the night. It is radiant with light, cozy, and social as a reception-room.

We are favored, too, with celebrated traveling companions. We had not expected such a treat, though the papers of our city had announced the fact that two distinguished gentlemen of Philadelphia were about to make an extended tour through the state and up the Lakes to Duluth. Here they sit right in our midst, one of them accompanied by a son and daughter, both of whom are yet in their teens.

It is near one o'clock before the drawing-room is metamorphosed into sleeping apartments.

This making one's self at home while traveling at the speed of a mile in two minutes savors more of a romance of the imagination than of an actual verity. That dear old grandmother of ours, who used to jog along in the family gig, perched high in the air on two enormous wheels, top-heavy, and without compunction pitching its occupants into the brambles by the roadside if the balance were disturbed by an unlucky stump projecting beyond the proper elevation,—what would she think if she could see us, her descendants, calmly disrobing ourselves behind these scanty curtains, and, "wrapping the drapery of the couch about us," lying "down to pleasant dreams." Sleeping, too, in spite of all the clickity-clack of the flying train, the noise and confusion of taking on and leaving off cars at the several junctions with other railroads, and of the still more disagreeable ghost of the last dreadful disaster that all unbidden will thrust its unwelcome presence before our half-conscious eyes.

It would all seem as unreal as the wonderful tales of "The Arabian Nights," and it is not venturing too much to assume that it would be considered as much a sin of presumption, to be visited by Divine displeasure, as if we were to cast ourselves down a precipice or into the surging ocean. And yet we are so used to it that we scarcely bother our brains with the thought of how completely we put ourselves at the mercy of the fire and steam, either or both of which, by a single careless act or failure to act on the part of an employee, may cause a frightful catastrophe.

I remember distinctly what it is to be thrown from grandmother's gig with a horse traveling at from six to eight miles an hour, but I crave preservation from the terrible fate of a railroad accident, though in no way reluctant to accept conditions that may at any time produce such a result.

It does indeed look like presumption, when one comes to think seriously about it, to take upon our lips at such times the language of the Psalmist: "I will both lay me down in peace and sleep, for thou, Lord, only makest me to dwell in safety;" yet thoughts similar to these pious utterances of David arise in the heart of the traveler who in any measure recognizes a dependence upon a Higher Power.

The breakfast provided at Williamsport is bountiful, and if selected from the multiplicity of dishes that are brought in, a good meal may be obtained. Our companions complain; they were not well posted. Sour batter cakes are not to be compared with nice light corn muffins; neither is a tough steak to be mentioned alongside of a juicy, fat mutton chop. We take muffins and mutton chops, and make an excellent repast, barring the coffee, which is usually very poor at a hotel.

Our train fairly flies along over the bridges and up steep grades. We stop at most of the towns and cities on the route, many of which are marvels of quick development, and though but of recent date, are well built and adorned with elegant private residences. At St. Mary's we see immense coal works, whence soft coal in great abundance is shipped. Warren, on the Allegheny River, surprises us, it is so handsomely laid out, and has such an air of thrift and comfort. On the hills in the suburbs we see many beautiful homes.

We watch from the rear of the car the receding mountains, and careen over curves and slip in and out through passes that close up again behind us in a continuous chain. Many of the highest peaks stand out abruptly like giant sugar-loaves, their sides covered to the very summit with varying foliage. Now we pass through a region where the chief industry is lumber,—felling trees and sliding them down the precipitous sides of the mountains into the river, giving employment to a hardy race, whose powers of endurance must be very great. It is no marvel that a picked crew of lumbermen from the upper lakes won all the barge races over the clerks and railroad men of Erie on the lake last summer.

Saw mills and bark mills, with whole acres of logs and sawn timber and cords of bark, are passed. There are immense tan-yards, too, where whole cargoes of raw and dried hides are manipulated into leather; this process being more economical here than transporting the bark to the vicinity of older commercial centres where hides are mostly carried. So these tanneries have been established right in the middle of the forests of oak and hemlock, and rows upon rows of small dwellings cluster around them. Some of these have a neat and homelike look, but very many have nothing to recommend them to our notice. It is a hard life at best, and the women and children must endure many privations and suffer from the extreme cold of winter in such frail tenements as these appeared to us to be.

As we look into the quiet-flowing waters that sparkle in the sunlight, we remember that though hardly fifty miles from the shores of Lake Erie, these same waters that we cross flow on and on till they are lost in the dashing waves of the Gulf of Mexico. Every important town that we stop at has its own special industry. We come into the oil region, and pass through Garland, where we are shown immense oil reservoirs. In these the oil is stored, and by means of a siphon drawn off into the oil tanks built for the purpose of transportation. We count twenty-six of these tanks in one train. It is said that the oil is conveyed by means of pipes from wells that are many miles distant to these Garland reservoirs.

Corry has a striking history. Our distinguished statesmen tell many interesting anecdotes connected with its beginning and marvelous growth, and the fabulous prices at which town lots were held. Late in the afternoon we run into the depot at Erie, having traversed the entire length of the state, from Philadelphia to this point, in a little over nineteen hours. The trip has been throughout a pleasant one, and the interest greatly enhanced by the acquaintances so unexpectedly formed. They will take a lake steamer on the succeeding day for Detroit. We are glad to know that we can take the same route without going very much out of our proposed course.

"Ah, here you are. We were afraid you would give out coming," is the salutation that greets us as we shake hands with our friends, who are already on board the China, and looking out for us.

Now was to be realized a desire of my life, next only to crossing the ocean,—I have so longed to ride over the inland seas of our continent. This fine steamer makes the entire journey to Duluth, on the upper shore of Lake Superior, but we must content ourselves with so much of it as carries us over Lake Erie and through the strait, or river, as it is now called, of Detroit, to Detroit city. We secure a comfortable and well-furnished state-room, well supplied with cork life-preservers, which we try on in case we have occasion to use them.

The evening is perfect, just cool enough for a light shawl. We sit on deck until a late hour, enjoying the choice treat that the conversation of intelligent companions affords.

I could not help referring to the prophetic utterance of one of these gentlemen during the dark days of our late strife. In one of the gloomiest periods of that time, when the stoutest hearts quailed, and many of those whose voices had been full of hope were wavering, and ready to let the "wayward sisters depart in peace," it was announced that Judge —— would lecture on this momentous question. The hall was crowded, and the words he uttered thrilled and reanimated the most timid. "We cannot draw any line that can make us two nations; we are one and indivisible," was the conclusion of his elaborate argument, and each friend of human rights was reassured and encouraged by his words of hope and confidence in the integrity of our Union.

We leave our state-room early and join our friends, who are already out enjoying the splendors of the morning. The lake is very smooth, and aglow with the brightness of sunrise; we are nearing its western extremity, and are among the numerous islands that lie upon its bosom like a cluster of emeralds.

We are impressed with the vastness of this inland sea, though we know it to be much smaller than either of the three great bodies of water which lie beyond and which constitute part of the chain whose outlet is through Niagara Falls into Lake Ontario, thence by the St. Lawrence, pouring a volume of fresh water into the Atlantic Ocean.

Owing to the irregular depth and general shallowness of Lake Erie it is conceded to be the most dangerous, and in a storm its waves are more dreaded than the ocean itself. It is hardly possible for anything to exceed in beauty the entrance of Detroit River and its shores and islands. Gros Isle divides the channel; it is a long, narrow strip, containing, among other objects of interest, a block-house, the remains of part of the line of fortifications erected by the French in the early settlement of Canada, and which extended from the St. Lawrence through the heart of the wilderness, as it then was, to the shores of the Gulf of Mexico at New Orleans. The river on the American side has never been improved, and is not navigable. By treaty stipulations the channel on the Canadian side is free, so all the travel and commerce of the lakes are carried on at this point through foreign waters. These British shores bear a marked contrast to the busy, bustling scenes witnessed among their more active neighbors. They are very pretty, though, in their primitive simplicity. Low-farm houses, embowered in trees, are seen at intervals ; they have the appearance of coolness and comfort as summer residences only, with no attempt at modern architectural beauty or convenience. We pass some old earthworks, and see what is left of Fort Malden, where American prisoners were confined in the war of 1812. The solitary building which now marks its site is of brick, very solid and substantial looking, and is used as an insane hospital. The Canadian Southern Railroad crosses near this place. A large steamer lies at the wharf waiting to convey passengers to the American side.

There is much said about the loose manner in which our legislators granted the right of way to this corporation across our waters. The city of Detroit as we approach presents a river front of great length, and its wharves and warehouses indicate much commercial activity.

Windsor, a Canadian city directly opposite, shows thrift and enterprise above anything we have seen on that side, a spark caught probably from the Yankees over the river. Here we part company with our pleasant traveling companions, to the regret of all, as expressed by them, and *felt* as well as expressed by ourselves. The elder gentleman, now in his eightieth year, is the finest type of manhood in the fullness of age that I have ever met. His profile is faultless ; it could not have been more beautiful in the palmiest days of early manhood ; and when to his unusual vigor of person are added the stores of a cultivated mind and the polished manners of a well-bred gentleman of the old school, I feel pardoned for this acknowledgment of the pleasure that his conversation and society have afforded us.*

It is past noon when we reach the wharf and make our way up the rather steep ascent into this handsome city. We are surprised to see such broad, well-paved avenues, and immense warehouses and stores.

It is a marvel how so much apparent wealth has accumulated so rapidly, and yet the history of Detroit dates back to the time of the French occupancy. Half a century ago it had a population of twenty-five hundred, and was famous for its fine Romish church and extended river front. Doubtless very much of its present prosperity is the result of the increased facilities for lake traffic, and the erection of immense iron foundries and other industries growing out of the commercial intercourse with the upper lakes. We are recommended to the Biddle House, which is kept on temperance principles; and there find pleasant quarters. The dining hall is said to be one of the finest in this country. It is lighted from the ceiling, and is beautifully frescoed. The hotel is large, additions having recently been made; a part of it looks old enough to have been the house that was occupied by Major Biddle, and originally belonged to General Hull, whose unfortunate surrender cast a cloud over his name that has never been removed. We have until to-morrow morning to look about us, and are anxious to make the most of our time. Leaving the hotel, we saunter up the avenue on which it stands. It is mainly a business street, and has many fine stores and spacious warerooms. We come to a large open space where we see a market house, very like the structures that block a few of our streets at home. In the centre of this square, if we may so call it, stands the monument which Michigan has erected to the memory of her sons who fell in the recent bloody conflict. It is a square column resting on a broad granite base, and surmounted by a female figure bearing a shield, which we presume is to represent Liberty. Large medallions of bronze in bas-relief ornament each face of the column, and are finely-executed likenesses of Lincoln, Grant, Farragut, and Sherman. At each corner of the shaft stands a full-sized figure of a man, also in bronze, dressed in the uniform of the several portions of our military service. These statues are valuable as works of art.

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* These gentlemen were Henry C. Carey and Judge William D. Kelley.

Opposite the monument we see the new Court House; it is a new and beautiful structure, surrounded by a handsome lawn with fountains and flowers, the whole enclosed by an iron railing, as is the monument also. Turning into one of the streets that radiate from this common centre we find the dwellings to be very unlike, many of them frame structures, and set back from the street, with stables and outbuildings in the rear, and surrounded by shade and fruit trees, vines and other shrubbery. Very many large brick mansions and costly stone palaces are mixed up with the rambling, one-story-and-a-half houses of the early settlers. The bricks used are not as pretty and smooth-looking as our Philadelphia pressed brick manufacturers turn out, and they soon become dingy ; a large part of these are painted in light colors. We think the painters must have been very busy of late, so many of the houses look fresh and new. These wide avenues and suburban retreats right in the heart of the city have a charming effect, which is not a little enhanced by the want of regularity and uniformity in the dwellings, and the scrupulous neatness and order that we see everywhere. We pass many grand churches with lofty spires. It being First-day, we inquire at the hotel if there is any Friends' Meeting held in the city ; nobody has ever heard of there being one. What a pity that so large a place as Detroit should be without the simple house of worship in which Friends are wont to gather. Doubtless there are many among her population whose names are recorded in the books of the Society as having a birthright therein. A Congregational Unitarian Church nearby attracts us, but it is not open for worship, and we have no desire to seek elsewhere, though the bells from several spires are noisily reminding the passer-by that the hour of evening service has arrived. We have walked through many of the finest streets of Detroit, preferring that to a ride in the street cars, of which there appear to be several lines, and at an early hour are tired enough to retire and sleep soundly until morning. The windows of our room overlook the river, though it is probably two squares from the hotel to the water. Ferry boats are going and coming at short intervals across to Windsor and back again.

We take passage on the "Jay Cooke" at 9 o'clock for Put-in-Bay. Our course is down the river to the lake again, and thence across its south-western extremity in the direction of Sandusky, for which place the steamer is bound, stopping at the islands lying in this part of the lake, and distant, at the nearest point, about ten miles from the mainland. The weather is delightful, and we enjoy the ride down the river quite as much as when we came up.

When the American Dental Association last year proposed to adjourn to meet at Put-in-Bay, few of its members knew anything concerning its whereabouts; it might be in our own country, it might be in the Sandwich Islands. Was it a joke, or a veritable place of summer resort, made memorable by some fearful shipwreck? Who could tell? But it was settled that in 1873 they would hold their meetings at Put-in-Bay, and because there were ample accommodations and the place was everything that could be desired, even to moderation in the charges, members were invited to take wives and children and stay long enough to enjoy the boating, bathing and fishing, for which it and the whole group lying adjacent, about twenty in number, were said to be famous. And here we are on this bright summer morning, with thousands of others, realizing all and more than was claimed for this island.

It was formerly known as South Bass, but derives its present name from the fact that Commodore Perry put in here with his fleet just before the battle of Lake Erie. Here, too, he buried his fallen comrades. A weeping willow, said to have been planted by his own hand, marks their last resting-place, which is now surrounded by an iron railing. These items must awaken an interest in our minds as matters belonging to the earlier history of our country, and much as we may deplore the condition of things that made it possible to resort to deadly hostility, we cannot ignore the facts connected therewith, nor is it right, in my judgment, to pass them by without notice. We give no encouragement to the anti-Christian practice of war by referring to them. It should be ours in every walk of life to show by example, as well as by precept, that *all* strife, either of armies or individuals, on the battlefield or in the home circle, is at variance with the highest precepts of our holy religion, and opposed to the teachings of its founder.

In front of the landing, and only a few minutes' row from Put-in-Bay, rises a rocky little island that has been fitly named Gibraltar. It lies so near that it might be compared to an infant reposing in the arms of its mother ; the long, curving shore of Put-in-Bay forms almost a crescent, enclosing it most lovingly. It is only a few acres in extent, and is so charming that I am not surprised at one of Philadelphia's wealthy bankers having selected it for a summer resort. It is a spot to invite contemplation. The salubrity of the climate, added to the natural beauty of its lofty forest trees and rocky shores, which rise on one side almost perpendicularly from the water, make it a most desirable retreat. There is no dew falls here, and the boating and fishing are all that could be desired for pleasure or for health. We find ourselves in the midst of a great crowd. There are several hotels on the island; all are full to overflowing. Little as we of the eastern seaboard know of this island watering place, it is very popular with the west and southwest, and is yearly growing in importance. We secure pleasant accommodations at the hotel which is nearest the landing; it is very large, and will comfortably accommodate one thousand guests. There are nearly fifteen hundred at present, but families are leaving, and we shall have more quiet times.

The hotel and its accessories are said to cover nearly eight acres of ground. There is no bar in the building, which is an exceedingly pleasant feature to us.

The grounds are tastefully laid out and well shaded with large forest trees; two fountains supplied with lake water pour a constant stream of crystal beauty, in which numerous fish, such as are caught in the bay, are kept, affording endless amusement to the children. No rain has fallen here for several weeks, and there being no dew, vegetation is dry and dusty. The chief industry of these islands is wine-making. They are peculiarly adapted to grape culture. Several of the largest have famous wine cellars, where thousands of gallons are annually stored. We visit the bathing beach, but do not bathe, though those who try it seem to have fine sport; it is perfectly safe and the water at a pleasant temperature. All the rocks are eroded; some are of very fanciful shapes, due to the action of the water. On Kelly's Island, one of the group six miles nearer Sandusky, there is an extensive limestone quarry, where we gather many specimens of fossil remains. There are also sculptured rocks, which doubtless record events in the history of the Eries, and other tribes of Indians who once occupied these regions. We learn while here that a son of John Brown of Ossawattomie is at present one of the constables of Put-in-Bay; he is a farmer, and is much respected by the community. We take our leave after a pleasant sojourn of several days,— days made memorable by social intercourse with agreeable people from all parts of our country, including many gentlemen in the dental profession and their families, who like ourselves were attracted by inducements thrown out the year before. We carry with us recollections of friendships renewed, and others formed, which will not easily be forgotten. We secure a stateroom on a little steamer which carries freight between the Islands and Cleveland, and has accommodation for a few passengers. The usual route is by Sandusky, but we wish to see Cleveland. Leaving Kelly's Island at 6 p.m., we reach the city a little after midnight, but remain on the board until morning.

We had heard much about the beauty of this queen of western cities, but are entirely unprepared for all that we see. Passing up from the water a few squares we reach an open park, crossed at right angles by two broad avenues, with graveled walks, fountains, waterfall, rustic summer-house, flowers, trees and seats, and grass so green and so nicely kept that it looks more like some vision of enchantment than a thoroughfare over which thousands of people pass to and fro daily. Here we again meet with memorials of the great naval battle. In the centre of the square a monument has been erected to commemorate the occasion. A full-length marble statue of the youthful commodore in naval uniform stands on the summit; other figures, also in marble, adorn the sides. Resting awhile under the grateful shade of a lofty tree we try to take in the beauty of the surroundings. Elegant buildings, elaborate in architecture and costly in structure, rise all around us. The elevation of the park gives play to tasteful art; a miniature lake, possibly artificial, falls in a charming little cascade into a tiny water-course, over which is thrown a light and graceful bridge; water-lilies lay their shining leaves upon the bosom of the sparkling rivulet; flowers and vines hang in lovely festoons from a rockery which rises from the middle of the pool. In the centre of it is a jet of water which gushes forth into spray that in the brightness of this early sunshine glitters like a shower of diamonds.

What can be written of Euclid Avenue with its miles of rural homes, beginning at the very heart of the city? It has been said by those who have seen all the famous cities of the old world that this avenue is a rival of their finest streets. It is very broad, and has nicely-kept plots of grass between the sidewalks and the carriage-ways. The houses are set back from the street, and have tasteful beds of flowers in the lawns. The great beauty of the whole is the extreme order and neatness that pervade it. Like the best streets of Detroit, it has occasional houses that date back to the early settlement,— plain frame structures; but everything that taste and wealth can suggest is made available, and by the variety these present in contrast with the palatial residences of more modern times, they enhance rather than detract from the beauty of the whole. One seems to be traversing a vast park, dotted over with homes, where all are intent on testing the possibility of an earthly paradise.

The ride from Cleveland to Erie by the Lake Shore Road has nothing of interest to us. "There is not much to be seen in Erie," said a friend to whom we spoke of our intended visit. The charm of Erie is its fine bay, formed by a strip of land known as Presque Isle, which lies two miles, perhaps, from the mainland. This island, or peninsula as it is called, since it is connected with the shore on the western extremity by a bar, is the property of the Government.

Boating is the one amusement in which the people of Erie take special delight. A barge crew invite us to join them in a row down the bay. Six oarsmen, the captain, and the man who steers, with ourselves, make up the company. We are interested in the precision with which every order is carried out. The barge fairly flies over the tossing waves, for the wind blows stronger now that we are away from the docks; every oar dips with the precision of clock-work. We rock and toss about, catching now and then a dash of spray, but enjoying it all the while. We have had many boat rides before, but this, with others we have enjoyed on Lake Erie, will be remembered with peculiar interest. As I recall the grandeur of those sunset clouds, the waves aflame with their reflected brightness, the blending of lake and sky in the horizon where each seemed to flow into the other in a molten mass of purple and gold, my heart rises in thankful gladness for the beautiful things of earth, which our loving Father has prepared for our enjoyment. As I have lived over in these imperfect sketches pleasant incidents of summer travel, and realize what they have been to me, I am awakened to a sense of the important bearing such recreations have on the life and character. The more we open our hearts to let in the sunshine that lies all about our human existence, the more are we prepared to enjoy life ourselves, and add to the happiness of those with whom we live and associate.

TRAVELING WESTWARD.

FIFTH MONTH 26TH, 1888.

Perhaps nowhere else do land and water, sky and mountain blend in more picturesque variety than along the Lehigh river as it rushes in tortuous windings to its confluence with the Delaware; certainly the valley through which it flows was never more worthy the admiration of the traveller than as it was seen on one of the clear, crisp days a fortnight ago. Every curve the train rounded disclosed some new combination worthy the pencil of an artist; every stretch of level ground had its own quiet beauty.

The cold, rainy spring, while keeping back the busy work of the farmer, had given a deeper, richer green to meadows and grain fields; and the forests, as they climbed the slopes of the "everlasting hills," offered a study of color that was simply bewildering. One longed to stop, were it but for an hour, at some turn in the road, where the mountain-side, wearing still its heavy robes of the deepest evergreen, was putting on the fairy lace-work of Spring's first endeavor,—oak and maple and poplar, willow and ash, birch and beech, and a whole retinue of others found in our forests, making haste to clothe themselves in the distinctive hue and form that belong to each, while the white blossoms of the lowly dogwood sheltered in the arms of its lordly neighbors, gave promise of the beauty yet to be when the warmer days of early summer shall give to every shrub and bramble its garniture of gladness.

The apple-trees in some localities were still fragrant with bloom, the wild or crab variety, in clumps of three or more, presenting a crown of indescribable beauty in every tint of rosy pink, shading to white, that is known to the botanist. It seemed hardly possible that the peaceful river, flowing on almost without a ripple through these pastoral scenes, could be the same noisy stream we had seen dashing along, cutting its way through gorge and defile, to the quiet valley where the smiling landscape lay mirrored in the placid waters.

From Waverly, New York, our course lay directly west, through a stretch of farming country well dotted over with towns and villages, the fields green and growing, but giving scant promise of an early harvest. Night is closing in upon the busy world as the train slows up at Hornellsville. Here the Pullman sleeping-car is added, and that luxury of modern times invites the weary traveler to such repose as nerves and temperament permit; few, however, being so entirely free from misgivings as to sleep soundly the night through.

If there is any condition in which we have need of faith and trust in the great Disposer of events and confidence in one another, it is when we resign ourselves to the repose that nature demands while the train is rushing onward to its destination, or possible destruction.

One familiar with the changes that the last fifty years have brought about in methods of travel, who thus commits himself to the keeping of the modern management, cannot but call to mind the tiresome stage-coach journeys of the long ago, prolonged almost beyond endurance that some "wayside inn," famous for its accommodations, may be reached and the good cheer of its host enjoyed. Such a ride comes vividly to mind. It seems so long ago, yet the incidents are as fresh as if they had happened recently.

Who that travels would want to go back to the stage-coach of the past? Who would say, in view of all that applied science has done for us, "The former days were better than the present."

As the train slows up, we find ourselves at Akron, Ohio, famous for its oat-meal. The large mills where the grain is made into this wholesome article of food, and the neat, pretty cottages of the workmen, are the chief features of the place, though we see the kilns in which the common drain-pipe of this region is made in nearly all the towns through which we pass.

At Foraker an immense tract of swamp-land is under process of draining. The land is said to be of great value, and the success of the undertaking is well assured. Our course lay through the great oil-producing district of the state (Ohio). At Lima almost the entire industry of the place is merged in oil. Derricks are seen in every direction, and refineries are almost as numerous. Quite recently a well was opened from which the oil flows in fabulous quantities ; a subterranean supply seems inexhaustible. A line of pipe six inches in diameter is being laid to Chicago to supply that city with oil for fuel ; another pipe of half the diameter is also being laid, but the point of destination was not learned. Street cars propelled by electricity wait the passengers who leave the train. There appears to be no lack of thrifty enterprise in the towns through which the road passes. The need of better drainage is indicated by the piles of drain pipe lying in the fields, or placed in order waiting the leisure that follows the sowing and gathering in of the summer crops.

Through northern Indiana the industries are mainly in the preparation of lumber. Steam sawmills are puffing away in almost every tract of woodland. A war of extermination seems to be waging against the grand old trees that add so much to the beauty of the country, and so affect the distribution as well as the value of its rainfall. In this state, as in Ohio, the winter-sown crops are thin on the ground and the grass short ; the prospect for hay is not encouraging, but a few weeks of real summer weather may do much for both. Chicago is reached a little behind time. A stay of a few days gives opportunity to study its marvelous growth, and in some measure to comprehend the place it must occupy in the future of this vast western land, so rapidly filling up with the people of every civilized nation.

First-day we gather with the little circle of Friends who meet in worship in a small room of the Athenæum building on Dearborn Street. It is pleasant to find so many of the young people, and gives hopeful promise for the future of the few who are now trying to hold the membership in this city together. They need the sympathy and help of Friends in more favored places, and this should be freely extended. It was a season of refreshment to the one who felt called to offer words of hope and encouragement that seemed to be shared by all who were present. The "Scripture Lesson" for the day held most of those in attendance together for half an hour after; the free expression of those who took part gave evidence of the deep interest the subject had awakened.

Chicago impressed me as no other city has ever done. It is a constant surprise, whether one considers its location, its rapid growth, or the enterprise of its business men. The last may rather be called a reckless running into ventures, regardless of consequences. Failure in an undertaking is no bar to its completion; if one has to drop out another is ready to step in and take up the work, nor does failure seem to affect men as it does in our more steady-going eastern communities.

When one considers that little more than a halt century ago Chicago was a frontier trading-post, set down on a swampy margin of Lake Michigan with no hint of fitness for the location of a city such as it has grown into, we are filled with wonder at the possibilities of human achievement. There are buildings of such massive proportions that they compare with the best architecture of the age, reared upon a quagmire, yet solidly laid in masonry that seems as enduring as the rocky framework of the earth; and they give no indications by flaw or warp of the uncertain foundation upon which they are built.

An invitation to attend the meetings of the Woman's Club was gladly accepted, and an afternoon was spent in the rooms of that organization, which are also occupied by the Fortnightly Club, an association of a purely literary character. The Woman's Club is largely interested in the leading questions of the day, and in whatever relates to the advancement of women. A lengthy paper on the "Board of Trade" was read by a prominent member of that body, who had prepared it for another occasion, and by request repeated it before the Club. It was both interesting and instructive to observe the close attention given to the reading of the dry details of the objects and advantages of the organization. The sharp, keen criticisms that followed gave evidence of a full appreciation of the subject, and, what was of deeper significance, an intelligent questioning of the methods as seen from a high moral standpoint. One could not but be impressed with the capability of women who are thus giving attention to public affairs to stand side by side with their husbands and brothers in all that relates to the general welfare. A cup of fragrant tea with delicate biscuit handed to each, and an interchange of pleasant greetings, in which all seemed to participate, ended the meeting.

An afternoon and evening were given to Friends, quite a number of whom met at Jonathan Plummer's, by invitation. While there was no attempt to hold a "parlor meeting," in the distinctive sense, the conversation was directed in the channel of religious thought, and the earnestness manifested by several of the young people in the doctrine and testimonies of the Society, as they were made the subject of conversation, was most encouraging. The drawback to social intercourse is the great distance that Friends live from one another, and this makes it necessary that their meeting be held in a central locality. While it is very desirable that they should have a meeting-house of their own, the exorbitant prices at which land is held in the business part of the city place the attempt to build entirely beyond their consideration. No better service could be rendered the Society by our wealthy members, whether east or west, than to start a movement that will give these Friends a permanent foot-hold among the religious bodies of Chicago.

From Chicago westward, the same greenness of field and wood is observed, giving evidence of similar atmospheric conditions east and west. The great rivers, Mississippi and Missouri, flowed on with usual limits, it being a little too early for what is known along the Missouri bottoms as "the June rise." Of this I had some experience on my first visit to Nebraska, both on a steamboat and in an Indian canoe, crossing from the Dakota side to the Santee Indian Agency. The lowlands of the Agency were entirely flooded, and as the current swept along it brought down whole trees that had been uprooted. The rapidity of the stream made these floating obstructions most formidable.

A fine iron bridge now spans the Missouri at the Blair crossing, which we pass over in the early morning, it being necessary to spend one night on the train from Chicago to Creighton, the western limit of the present journey. Along the route from Blair large herds of cattle, some sheep, and hogs of the black Poland variety, were feeding on the rich prairie grass, now in its finest condition. The young stock in many places gave evidence of success, though the cholera is causing some anxiety farther down in the State.

This is University week, and Lincoln is filling up with visitors from various parts of the State, drawn together in the interests of the institution. As Dr. R. is one of the regents, a little party is made up to attend with him. This is very satisfactory, as it gives opportunity to call upon the members of the Society of Friends living in and around Lincoln, and so fulfil one object of this western journey,—the visiting of our isolated members in their homes, and carrying to them the loving sympathy of their fellow-members from whom they are so widely separated. The ride from Creighton to Lincoln is through a pretty section of the State, well wooded with cultivated timber, except along the Elk Horn River, where there is considerable natural growth. The farms are under good cultivation, and the homes and outbuildings are generally good. In some places the houses are well built and roomy, and their surroundings indicate refinement and culture in the occupants. West Point, Norfolk, and Fremont, through which we pass, are all rapidly advancing in population and importance. Fremont has a city government, is well lighted, the central part with electric lights, and has water-works. It is very prettily situated, and has large wholesale houses that send out their salesmen to the towns and villages in the more distant parts of the State. The churches and public buildings, including the school-houses, compare favorably with the same buildings in any of our older-settled towns and cities. The cream-colored Milwaukee brick, of which some of the finest private residences are built, has a pretty effect as seen through the fresh green of the trees. These latter every wise builder in this country takes pains to have in fine growing condition before he builds. The red brick is now made in all this section, and is used in the building of most of the large business houses in the towns through which we pass.

Owing to the necessity of waiting for connecting trains, the trip to Lincoln, which might easily be accomplished in half a day, takes from 6.15 a.m. to 9.40 p.m. We make the journey and reach our destination on time.

Lincoln, Neb., Sixth month 12th, 1888.

AMONG FRIENDS IN NEBRASKA.

THE cordiality with which Friend greets Friend though they may never have met before, is evidence that the old tie that so closely bound the members of the Society together in the earlier time is as strong and enduring in our day as in any period of its history. There are many Friends in Lincoln, families and parts of families, and young men without families, and the feeling of love for the Society and its simple form of worship that is manifested is very encouraging. A meeting has been held every other First-day for more than a year, but the inconvenience of accommodation in Friends' houses and the conviction that a broad field of usefulness is opening, have led to the consideration of establishing a meeting on a permanent basis. Several lots have been offered free of cost, but the membership, like that of Chicago meeting, is widely scattered, some living six miles from the centre of Lincoln, and the city being spread over a large area. These considerations make it important that the meeting-house be built in a central location where the land has become very valuable. A deep interest is awakened in this subject; every member seems desirous to use his utmost endeavor to bring about so desirable an object, and there is such a truly Christian spirit manifested to come together in this work in that unity of feeling that is willing to set aside all technical differences and work together for the common welfare, that they deserve the sympathy and substantial aid of all who are concerned for the prosperity of our Zion, and the diffusion of its principles and testimonies in this broad and rapidly filling-up western land.

Lincoln is fast becoming an important educational centre. Being the State capital, and the seat of the State University, it draws to itself the best elements of the people, and the location, with the railroad facilities, and the fine advantages for profitable business enterprises, combine to make it one of the most important cities of our central states. Already the population is estimated to be not far short of 60,000. This is "Commencement" week, and many are drawn together from all parts of the State, to witness or participate in the festivities of the occasion. The graduating exercises were held on Fifth-day morning, the Governor of the State, and other notables, with the Board of Regents, the Chancellor, and the Faculty being present. The usual exercises on such occasions were gone through with, and diplomas awarded twenty of the students, six of whom were young women. The orations, seven in number, were creditable to the authors, and well delivered; the two by young women were especially worthy of notice for the ease and grace displayed as well as for the subjects chosen. The first, "A Plea for Justice," was a dignified yet forcible argument for equality of rights between the sexes, delivered by Alma C. Benedict. The following synopsis will give an idea of the thought presented:

"All I ask for woman is that the opening sentence of the Declaration of Independence be made broad enough to include her. At present she is excluded from its asserted rights, and what are called rights are more properly privileges not secured to her on the firm basis of natural right. Open the professions to her. Give her perfect freedom of choice to enter any occupation to which she may feel she has a calling, and protection from innuendo in so doing. Aside from this there is a higher and dearer privilege, the right of citizenship, from which woman is excluded. And for what reason? Does her sex render her deaf and blind to the interests common to humanity? Does she not love her country? Is it consistent to prevent loyal American women from expressing their interests in the Union they had no small share in saving? They are subject to laws they have had no part in making, and this in a government which boasts that it derives its just powers from the consent of the governed."

The other was a tribute by Cora B. White to Louisa M. Alcott, of whose life and literary work she spoke with an earnestness and sympathy that evinced a high appreciation of their value. The subjects discoursed of by the young men were historical, moral and scientific, all of which were worthily presented.

Sixth-day morning is given to social visits, and in the evening a reception for Friends is held at the house of Charles P. Walter, which later on merges into a meeting for worship. Eighteen Friends and Friendly people are present. Loving words of encouragement to faithfulness to that inspeaking Word which may be heard in every soul were handed forth. The deep interest in the presentation of this fundamental truth of our Society manifested by the little company was very helpful to the weak instrument by whom it was handed forth.

As the Monthly Meeting of Genoa occurs on the 17th, it is necessary that further visiting among Friends in this vicinity be postponed for the present. Early on Seventh-day morning the journey from Lincoln to Genoa is undertaken alone, Dr. R., who had expected to accompany me, being obliged to return home. The company of Dr. Esther Painter relieved the tedium of the journey, which, however, could scarcely be called tiresome to one who takes pleasure in these wide stretches of rolling prairie with their indescribable shades of color that play among the undulations of the surface, and spread overhead a canopy of ever-varying beauty. This part of the State is well watered, and the rains that have been so frequent since spring opened have made rills and pools in all lowland places abundant. And then the roadsides and the unbroken prairie hold in their lap of green velvet jewels of the brightest pink and blue, white, and golden, and purple, that one longs to gather and study. As we near the stations all this beauty disappears, the busy tread of hurrying humanity leaving no place for these gentle things that bloom ungathered in the quietude of nature.

Now the train goes rushing along through apparently interminable fields of corn in fine growing condition, then unbroken prairie waves its coarse sedge on the marshy portion, and the finer grasses, that give food and fatness to great herds peacefully feeding thereon, crown the upland. Sand crops out as we near the larger water courses, and the soil in these portions seems thin and unproductive. The Platte is a broad but shallow stream, crossed in several places by substantial bridges. We follow its course for a considerable distance.

At Garrison other Friends, going to the Monthly Meeting, join us. There are numerous towns and villages along the route and lying in the distance. The stores are usually built of brick, and many of the school-houses; the homes of the people indicate thrift and prosperity. Only one sod-house was seen along the whole route, and the use to which it was appropriated was not fairly made out. We reach the town of Genoa on time, and find good friends with carriages waiting our arrival.

Sixth month 16th.

THE weather for several days has been very hot, tempered somewhat by the cooler breezes of the night; rains are frequent, usually accompanied with thunder and lightning that would be fearful were it not so common that the people do not seem to mind such things. There is, however, a sense of danger shared by all when these storms approach with the wind in certain directions.

Cyclones and such phenomena are, however, less frequent as the country becomes settled, and the trees, which are the first consideration of the settler, grow of sufficient size to form windbreaks around his buildings.

First-day morning, the 17th, is clear, the heat unabated, and the wind, always an active factor in the temperature of these parts, without a breath of coolness. Yet it is bearable, though moisture stands on the forehead and trickles from the limbs. The First-day School is held before meeting. About ten o'clock the teachers and children begin to gather, but it is past the hour before the exercises are entered upon. The meeting-house which Friends of this meeting, through the generous aid extended them, have been enabled to erect, is a very neat, substantial edifice, capable of seating two hundred, and stands on a lot donated by George S. Truman, adjoining his farm. The vestibule is large enough to hold the library, and a nice enclosed case has been placed therein. As the library increases other cases will be needed.

The interior of the house corresponds with its outward appearance. The seats are of hard wood, with reversible backs to accommodate the classes in the First-day School; the gallery seats are about the same as in other places.

The lessons prepared by direction of the General Conference are used. All appear to be interested in the work, either as teachers or learners, but the distance at which many live from the meeting-house, and the necessity of caring for stock and other farm matters, interfere with prompt assembling. Yet all are on hand in good time for the meeting on this occasion, about sixty in number counting the children, and most of them Friends or professors with Friends.

As we gathered into the stillness of this quiet Sabbath morning a sense of the peace of God that passeth understanding seemed to pervade the assembly, and the spoken word was an earnest appeal to all to listen to the Divine voice in the soul. They who were conscious of having strayed from the heavenly enclosure were earnestly exhorted to repent and seek forgiveness. Our relationship to the Father was dwelt upon. His readiness to forgive the erring who, like the Prodigal Son, remembered the home from which he had strayed and resolved to return, was presented, with a fervent appeal to all to be faithful to every monition of duty, being assured that the promise of the Master, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," will be realized in the individual experience of every one who accepts the invitation.

At the close of the meeting a short recess was taken, after which the Monthly Meeting was held. The report of committees and the consideration of the subject of circular meetings, with the appointment of a committee to have the matter in charge, covered about all the business transacted. The reading of your correspondent's minute, granted by Green Street Monthly Meeting, called forth many expressions of unity, and of willingness to aid in the accomplishment of the mission undertaken, that were very precious and reassuring.

Truly could it be said, "The way of the Lord" was already prepared, and the blessing promised to those who come in His name realized. After the meeting arrangements for the visiting of families composing the meeting were made. Several of these live forty miles distant, near Garrison, a town on a Burlington and Missouri Valley branch road. An old lady, now seventy-six, came forward and was introduced. In the conversation that followed she said her early years were spent among Friends, that in her marriage she had gone out from the Society, and removing to this western land among the earliest settlers she had been entirely cut off from association with them, and had united with another religious denomination, but her heart still turned to the faith in which she was reared, and it had been very comforting to her spirit to meet with Friends again.

"Will you not appoint a meeting at my son's?" she asked. "They are Methodists, but they will be glad to invite their neighbors in, and I want them to have this opportunity to see and hear about Friends." Her earnest appeal could not be resisted, and as the residence of her son was not much out of the line of visits for the early part of the week, Third-day at 4 p.m. was appointed for the meeting.

Second-day morning was given to the Indian school at Genoa. Great improvements have been made in the appearance of things within the last year or two; the main building, instead of broken windows and dilapidated doors and a yard overgrown with weeds, presents a very attractive outside; every surrounding shows thrift and neatness; new buildings for industrial purposes have been added, and altogether one feels that the contrast speaks well for those in charge.

In the afternoon a visit was paid to a family of Friends who reside in the town of Genoa. Here we found four generations represented. A young mother, on a visit to the home circle, speaking of her having united with another religious organization, gave as a reason the need she felt for Christian fellowship. She was living too far from a Friends' meeting to be a regular attender, and a Congregational church was very near, the minister and his wife were excellent people, and she felt it would be helpful to her to cast in her lot there, but she added, "I am still a Friend, and would be glad to live where I could attend their meeting." She was a sweet, tender-spirited woman, and no word but of encouragement went out to her.

Social and religious visits were made with every family of Friends living within a radius of six miles, and the meeting appointed for Third-day afternoon held to the satisfaction of all. The neighbors were invited, and our own Friends living near were in attendance, so that a good-sized company met together. The heart of the dear old mother overflowed with gratitude, and we could say in truth it was good to be there. These visits occupied a whole week, dining with some, taking tea with others, and, when it was convenient, lodging at the more distant places, so that none were passed by or overlooked. Looking over these opportunities of mingling with Friends at home with their children around them, it is no little comfort to believe they are all striving to be true to their religious convictions, anxious to sustain by their presence and their efforts the meeting, and thankful that, through the assistance they received from Friends elsewhere, they are in possession of so neat and comfortable a meeting-house.

On Seventh-day we bade farewell to the kind friends who had so kindly aided in carrying out the object of the undertaking, and made it possible to fulfil a religious concern that for years has awaited this opportunity.

Benjamin F. Nichols and wife were at Genoa when we reached there. A few words of greeting and we parted, to meet a few days later at Garrison, from which point this is written.

Garrison, Nebraska, Sixth month 28th, 1888.

STARTING from Genoa at noon of the 23d, Lincoln is reached in due time, which might be less by one half were it not for the detention caused by having to make connections. There are many short roads that run off to centres of agricultural interest, and bring remote sections into communication with Omaha and the East through the great artery of commercial enterprise for this section—the Union Pacific Railroad. In making these connections there are from one to four hours, as the case may be, lost to the traveler, who finds little of interest in many of the towns that have grown up around the "junctions." The weather, which changed after the rains of the early part of the week, has continued to be most delightful, just cool enough to make a fan unnecessary, and to give invigoration to the body.

A much larger company assembled at the residence of Charles P. Walter, on the morning of the 24th, than on the previous occasion, word having been more fully extended to those who live at a distance.

The meeting gathered into the customary stillness, which brought a feeling of solemnity over the little company, under which the message given was handed forth in the earnest desire that some word, like a good seed, might find lodgement in soil prepared for its reception. At the close an appointment was made for a meeting on the following First-day, as Benjamin F. Nichols expected to be in the city and wanted to meet Friends. After meeting your correspondent went home with Friends who live six miles out of Lincoln, not far from Woodlawn station, a branch road of the Burlington and Missouri Valley Railroad, in a well-improved agricultural district. Here was real farm life. There was a fine dairy, where butter such as the best that comes to Philadelphia market was made, a hundred pounds a week, and the most of it finding a ready sale in Lincoln at very fair prices. Then there were the calves and the pigs,—what a sight it was to see the great cans of milk fed to them !—and nowhere do we find finer pasture for the cattle or more abundant water of excellent quality, the saline district about Lincoln not extending in that direction. In this family there are three generations. They come from eastern Pennsylvania, and have their membership still at the old home in Western Quarter.

The following day these Friends took me in their comfortable family carriage to visit another family of Friends, who live a little farther out, but who attend the meeting when the weather is favorable. Here we found a most interesting group of children, five in number, all bright and intelligent, and availing themselves of the advantages of the school system that Nebraska furnishes for her children. It was a visit that will not soon be forgotten. A large barn, much more capacious than are usually seen among the farmers hereabouts, was in the process of erection. The stones used for the foundation are huge boulders and fragments of rock gathered upon the farm; some that look as if they were a ton in weight, and might have been brought down from the distant mountain in a pre-glacial age. Points of rock are seen jutting out in many of the fields similar to these, but too large to be moved by the ordinary farm implements.

Arrangements having been made to hold a meeting at Garrison, where several families belonging to Genoa Monthly Meeting reside, it was necessary for me to leave this pleasant neighborhood before all the Friends had been visited who live out in that direction.

Taking the early afternoon train on Third-day, Garrison was reached in due time. There a disappointment awaited us. The train upon which Benjamin F. Nichols and wife were to come had not arrived. The meeting had been gathered in a little chapel belonging to the Methodists, and only a short distance from the station. After waiting considerably past the hour, the little company settled into the quiet of a Friends' meeting, though many in attendance had never sat at such a meeting before. A brief explanation of our manner of worship was given, followed by a gospel message, and was received with evident feelings of unity, to which satisfactory expressions were given at the close. Just then the sound of the whistle announced the arrival of the train, and in a little time our friends were with us.

There being a great desire among the people for another meeting it was agreed that we attend with our Methodist brethren on Fifth-day evening, which was the usual time for holding their service.

Fourth- and Fifth-day were spent in making family visits. All except one family live on farms, and are very comfortably situated; they are mostly from northern New York and Canada, and are earnest, consistent Friends, uniting with their neighbors in Christian work, but maintaining the distinctive testimonies of the Society.

It would be a boon to this little settlement to have a meeting of their own, and when the young life in their midst comes into active service there may be a realization of their earnest desire. The meeting on Fifth-day evening was held according to appointment, the attendance being somewhat larger than on the previous occasion. The spirit and tone of the services, as shared by the members of the church, were noticeably in harmony with what we are accustomed to in our own devotional gatherings. We could feel the presence of the great Master of assemblies, and as our brother B. F. Nichols gave forth in clear, concise statement the ground of our hope and confidence as Christian believers, the truths he uttered were felt to be so plain and simple that all who heard him must have received it as a divine message.

Sixth-day morning we bade farewell to the kind Friends who had so cordially welcomed us among them, and after a detention of nearly two hours, caused by an accident to the engine, were fairly on our way back to Lincoln, hoping to reach there in time to finish up the family visits to Friends in that vicinity. This was accomplished, and we rested quietly until First-day, making, meanwhile, a few calls in Lincoln.

The meeting was held according to appointment, at the house of Charles P. Walter, where, as was before stated, Friends have been accustomed for the last year or more to gather on the second and fourth First-days of every month. It might be helpful to other Friends similiarly situated to give some account of their plan of holding these meetings, when no minister is in attendance. After gathering into worshipful silence for a time which is longer or shorter as the feeling seems to indicate, some one who has been impressed produces and reads an essay or sermon previously selected from the *Friends' Intelligencer and Journal*, or some other standard publication in harmony with the views of Friends, or the writings of Friends. Thus the hour is felt to be profitably spent, and the younger portion of the little company have some word of gospel truth, worthy to be treasured up, to carry home with them.

On the present occasion Benjamin was favored to present the plain path of Christian duty, and as the gathering was composed of Friends and friendly people, to press home the obligation of obedience to the Divine Will as made known to the individual conscience. Other similar and confirmatory testimony to this great truth was handed forth, and near the time for concluding Benjamin opened the matter of establishing a meeting of record in Lincoln, which was favorably received, several expressing great unity with such a measure. It resulted in the appointment of a committee to give attention to the subject and take the necessary measures to organize a meeting. Benjamin gave an account of the manner in which Marietta Monthly Meeting was established, as being a good plan to be adopted by the Friends of Lincoln, who are similarly situated.

The announcement was made that the meeting next First-day will be held at the residence of Dr. H. K. Painter, when the subject will be further considered.

An appointment was made for holding a circular meeting at Lincoln under the direction of Prairie Grove Quarter some time in Eighth month, the date to be given hereafter.

Seventh month 5th, 1888.

On Second-day, the 2d instant, Benjamin F. Nichols and wife left Lincoln on an early train for a point in Kansas, he feeling quite unwell and not able to go to Beatrice, forty miles directly south, where a meeting had been appointed for the evening. This was a great disappointment to us all, but we felt that the meeting must be held, and as our kind host, C. P. W., and his wife were willing to bear your correspondent company, we started on an early afternoon train, arriving at the station in due time. Friends were there to meet us, and we were soon made welcome at the home of Albert L. Green, where we were surprised to meet Mary B. Lightfoot, the mother of Albert's wife, and well known through her useful work among the Indians some years ago. The basement of a Presbyterian church in the neighborhood had been engaged for the meeting, which was appointed at eight o'clock. At the hour a small company gathered, including the three families of Friends who reside at Beatrice. It was an occasion of weighty responsibility, shared as it was by our beloved M. B. L., whose loving spirit was helpful and strengthening. The message given was handed forth with an earnest desire that it might find a welcome in the hearts of the hearers. It was mainly a summary statement of the doctrine and testimonies of the Society of Friends, based upon the declarations of Jesus as given in the New Testament; and the spiritual interpretation of what are known as the sacraments of the church, and the nature of true worship, was emphasized. The close attention of the audience to the word spoken was very encouraging, and the expressions of interest in what had been said, when the meeting closed, led to the hope that Friends and their faith would be better understood by those present for the opportunity of being thus gathered together "in His name." It might be well to say, just here, that there is a great openness in this western land for the ministry of the Word as it is understood by Friends of our branch, but there is need of great wisdom in handing it forth, that the inquirer may be led along step by step as the truth is revealed, often in the littleness of the babe in Christ. Our principles and the testimonies based upon them have nothing to fear from the plainest presentation, when couched in the language of the Master, and when the diviner meaning which His words have for us to-day is made clear. The question is often asked, "In what then do Friends differ from other religious bodies?" and it is not difficult to make answer: "It is the Christ that never was crucified, but liveth and abideth forever, that is the Saviour of the world." To this Jesus himself bore testimony when he said, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me,"—lifted above the earthly, material understanding of his life and mission into the true meaning and significance of that other testimony,—"It is the spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing."

Third-day was devoted to social visits. Two other families, Samuel Green's and Bradley Taylor's, are all the Friends that live in Beatrice.

A family of Russian Mennonites present at our meeting extended an invitation so cordial that we accepted, and found them most delightful people to visit. There is quite a settlement in the neighborhood, and a meeting-house in which regular service is held. They hold to the usages of their sect with great tenacity, though some of the young people find their customs burdensome in many particulars. This part of Nebraska is well settled, and the soil unsurpassed for fertility. Vegetation is from one to two weeks in advance of the northern counties, and the rains have been timely, so that every indication favors a plenteous harvest.

Beatrice is a city of about twelve thousand inhabitants, beautifully located on rising ground, presenting from the surrounding country a charming picture. Its growth is almost unparalleled even in this rapidly-developing country. This is due to a way they have out here of advertising the new cities, large sums, varying from five to twenty thousand dollars, being raised for this purpose. In all parts of the East, indeed wherever people may be found who are wanting to improve their worldly condition, these advertisements, setting forth in glowing terms the advantages to be gained by coming to the newly laid out city, are published in magazines, farm journals, and newspapers, at a great cost. "But it pays," said one who has had much to do with the building up of the city. "It brings to our place an intelligent class of citizens, and with the co-operation of the railroad corporations, which are always ready to extend branch roads where there is a prospect of remunerative traffic, the development of our resources is assured, and the debt incurred is not burdensome upon any."

This may or may not be the testimony of all concerned. I know that the tax rate of Lincoln is regarded as very high, though the percentage was not given, and doubtless the same might be said by many others who are not engaged in the speculative enterprises which advance the price of land without materially improving the condition of the actual settler. We are in the cars by six o'clock the next morning (4th), intending to stop for a few hours at Crete, the Chautauqua of Nebraska, situated about half-way between Beatrice and Lincoln. The grounds are beautifully laid out in a fine grove overlooking the Big Blue at a widening of its stream, which forms a pretty lake, upon which pleasure boats invite to a sail over its tranquil waters.

The main pavilion, which is cool and inviting, is large; it will seat, I was told, as many as four thousand persons, while the platform itself will accommodate about two hundred. The day's exercises were already begun when we reached the grounds, and as it was the nation's holiday, and there was to be a commemoration of it in the afternoon, the exercises at this time, including the singing of the national airs, bore relation to the day. At ten o'clock we repaired to the pavilion of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in another part of the grove, where Mrs. Saxton, one of the prominent workers of that organization, spoke for about an hour, with great force and earnestness, pressing home upon parents the solemn obligations that rest upon them, and the great duty of training the children to the habit of willing obedience as the first step towards good citizenship, expressing the belief that there is a lamentable defect in this particular in the homes of our people. National prohibition was the theme of her discourse; all else was incidental, but so much to the purpose that it is well worthy of mention.

Outside the grove the day was sweltering, as we found when we left, at 2 p.m., to return to Lincoln. Crowds of people were going and coming, and the white tents that dotted the encampment presented a most animated appearance. The plan of work is similar to other summer resorts of like character.

A brisk shower late in the evening cooled the air and made comfortable sleep possible. The next day a ride of eighteen miles to fulfil an appointment at Bennet, where several families of Friends reside, was undertaken, an attender of the meeting at Lincoln, who lives seven miles in that direction, having kindly offered to take me in his carriage. He was prompt to the hour, and although the sun was very hot, the air was cool and invigorating, which made the ride exceptionally pleasant. We halted at his house for dinner and a little rest. Here again Nebraska farm-life was seen, with the immense fields of corn and oats, varied by the gold of the rye, which stands uncut in some fields and in others in shocks ready for the harvester. Millet diversifies the picture, and hay harvest adds to the changes from the deepest green to the gold of the ripened grain. The wide expanse dotted over with the white and red of the farm buildings, and the groves in which they mostly nestle, presents a view nowhere else to be seen. One can but ask, What will the next century, with all the improvements and appliances that it holds in store, not do for these fields? The wildest dream of a hundred years ago falls far short of what has been realized, and the work of development is yet in its infancy.

Resuming our journey, the first stopping-place was reached late in the afternoon, and to our disappointment we learned that the word in reference to having a meeting at Bennet that evening had not reached its destination, and no appointment had been made. The farmers were in the press of their work, and had not been to the post-office. In these remote places this often happens, and it is only as word is taken from one to another that there is any certainty of its being received. All that could be gotten together on so short a notice were invited to meet us at the house where we stopped, and quite a number came, though the hour was late. The little company gathered into stillness, and a message of loving encouragement was handed forth, which to them was grateful. Such opportunities, being very rare, are greatly prized by our friends who are so remotely situated. They were encouraged to be faithful to what they felt to be required of them, and to try to hold a meeting among themselves, as is done in Lincoln. But there is need that some one take the initiative with a firm resolve to press forward through every obstacle; whether such a one is there remains to be seen. It is so much easier to fall in with that which is already established and invites to a participation than to mark out a way for ourselves in the plainness and simplicity of our profession. Leaving these isolated ones at an early hour the next morning, we returned over the same road we had come, and stopped to dine with a family eight miles out of Lincoln, who attend the meeting whenever it is possible for them to do so. Thence back to Lincoln in the cool of the afternoon, and the visits in that part of the State were accomplished. The long rides and the extreme heat of the past few days made the going to Omaha on Seventh-day, with the holding of a meeting on the afternoon of the First-day following, a question difficult to solve. The undertaking, with the visiting of families that it called for, seemed too great for one who had been so constantly on the wing, yet it was hardly felt to be right to put this work all upon B. F. Nichols and his wife. But after weighing the matter with an earnest concern to be in her right place, your correspondent was willing, if way opened, to meet with the Friends living there at a future time. And now for the rest and recuperation that the next four weeks may bring. The work has been so in harmony with the best desires of my life that it has not been other than soul-satisfying, yet the weariness of the body cannot be ignored; we find that now as formerly the spirit may be willing but the flesh weak, and while we are in these clay tabernacles we must be subject to their infirmities.

Parting with the good friends who had been so helpful, and who had entered into all my plans with a heartiness that gives assurance of continued interest in the work of the Society in that place, I enter the cars for an all-day journey of 170 miles directly north, arriving at Creighton just as a shower which we had been following for an hour or more passed over the town, leaving the air cool and refreshing. I am soon at home with the little ones, whose joy finds expression in loving words of welcome.

Creighton, Seventh month 12th, 1888.

In this small but ambitious town of about eight hundred inhabitants there is little transpiring that affords material of sufficient interest to repay the reading, yet Creighton in its growth and in its resources is a fair index of what enterprise and a little capital can do for the rich prairies west of the Missouri, and in this respect some value attaches to its history, as the history of a multitude of other towns that are springing up with amazing rapidity, pushing out farther and farther westward, till in the near future the wave-washed shores of the Atlantic will be joined to the sunny slopes of the Pacific by a tide of human life surging from the east to the west, as they have already been bound together by the railway and the telegraph.

The opening of Nebraska to settlement is of itself a matter of great interest in the development of this vast western land. Any one whose birth dates back to the first quarter of the present century, and who was familiar with the geography of that period, can recall the boundaries of civilization, beyond which lay an "unexplored country, roamed over by immense herds of buffalo, and by tribes of wild and hostile Indians, who lived by the chase and by cultivating small patches of maize."

But to return to now and here, Nebraska occupies a central position in the family of States. It is a high tableland, from 1,700 to 3,500 feet above the sea-level, and with an acreage of productive soil of the greatest fertility, having less waste land for its size, perhaps, than any other State in the Union. The wild grasses are abundant and most nutritious; the cows feeding entirely upon them give quantities of milk unsurpassed for richness, and where butter is made by one who is painstaking it equals the best that is brought to our Philadelphia markets.

The town of Creighton, where I am spending a few weeks of restful leisure, is very prettily situated on a plateau overlooking the Bazille Creek. A colony comprising twenty families made the first settlement of the town in the spring of 1871. It is laid out with broad streets, crossing each other at right angles, and has broad sidewalks. Some of the residences are embowered in trees that have been planted and grown into their present size within the last ten years. Seven religious organizations have places of worship. Most of the congregations are small. Two worship in the same house; they are English and German-speaking Methodists.

One cannot but feel how the Church is weakened and its influence for good circumscribed by such petty sub-divisions, especially in a newly settled community, where money is scarce and the rates of interest exorbitant. Dr. R.'s family are the only ones belonging to the Society of Friends within many miles, though several persons here claim descent from Friends. I fully realize the difficulty that our members who have growing families and live entirely away from any meeting encounter. I believe that Friends would not find family worship a hard duty to take upon themselves were they fully brought under the discipline of the truth as we understand it. The lessons of First-day school, and the pure and simple precepts of the New Testament, offer material for study and conversation, and the training that a time of quiet waiting, however brief, would give, could not fail to make a deeper impression on the minds of the children than all they might hear from the pulpit. It is family religion after all that moves and influences our lives. It is because in the home circle we realize and put into practice the precepts of truth that our hearts go out to our neighbors and friends, and we enjoy meeting with them in the public assembly. If I could go to every isolated family in our broad land, my message to them would be, Set up your altar at your own fireside, gather there with your children, and, like the pious Hebrew of the long, long ago, tell them of the Heavenly Father, the Jehovah of the ancient time, and the same loving Father now, who will hear and answer the desires of all who seek his guidance, and help us every one to be strong and true and brave to withstand temptation.

May our Heavenly Father so touch our hearts with his abounding love that our chief desire will be to glorify him in all that our hands find to do.

Seventh month 20th, 1888.

In our intercourse with the world we meet those whom we have never met before, whose lives only touch our own, and they are gone; yet, by some alchemy of the spirit, the touch remains, and we are wiser, better, perhaps nobler, for the brief interchange of thought and the awakening of feeling the interview has inspired. The remembrance of such occasions is among the jewels of our inner life that never lose their lustre and are as imperishable as the soul in which they are enshrined. Many such memorials are ours, and many more we might gather to sweeten and make glad our lives, if we were but willing to open our hearts to receive them.

The other day, at a dinner company, where your correspondent was a guest, the conversation turned upon the "second coming of Christ," one lady remarking that a prominent theologian of the East had recently expressed his belief that this event is near at hand. It was said in the remarks that followed that the great epochs of the world's history have been periods of two thousand years, as marked by Hebrew chronology, and as we are soon to enter upon the twentieth century of the Christian era some important development may confidently be looked for. It was said that the unity and fellowship that are so apparent among the religious sects on all humanitarian questions, the increasing liberality in judging of the differences in creed and worship, and the mingling together in the work for the well-being of all which this is bringing about, is full of promise, and betokens the dawn of that better time foretold by prophet and seer, when "Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall learn war any more," and this will certainly fulfil the promise of his coming. "Do not you Friends believe in the second coming?" "Yes," was the reply; "but not as other Christian denominations believe it. This, as a doctrine, is not made a question with us. We believe Christ, the Spiritual Saviour and Redeemer, is ever coming to the souls of men who are ready to receive him in the way of his coming. Such as are brought under the controlling influence of his Spirit, whose lives are in accord with the precepts of the Gospel, have experienced his second coming, and as this condition is attained by us individually, we shall realize what he is able to do for the whole family of men." "But," queried one, "was it not said to the disciples who witnessed the ascension, 'He shall so come in like manner as ye beheld him going into heaven?'"

It seemed a hopeless task to endeavor to lead the mind that receives these declarations of Scripture in an outward and literal sense to the higher meaning they are intended to convey, and I ventured to say, "It is this literal rendering of the metaphors and illustrations used by Jesus in the enforcement of the spiritual lessons contained in his precepts that is confusing, and leads to so much unnecessary and unprofitable controversy between those who claim to take him for their leader—their Saviour."

As the conversation took a wider range, there were many views presented in relation to Scripture truths, which are familiar to Friends, but which had never been understood as having a spiritual application by these sweet Christian spirits, who had always regarded them as referring to the outward only. Reflecting much upon this conversation, carried on with the utmost candor and courtesy, there seems to present to my mind the work that lies before us as believers in "the truth as it is in Jesus." Friends in their exclusiveness and reticence upon those vital principles that distinguish us from other sects, have failed to use their opportunity for the spreading abroad of these principles. Satisfied themselves to hold the traditions of the fathers, they have not allowed the spirit which animated their lives, and enabled them to do the work of evangelists, to overflow to others outside their own borders. Contented if their own "holy places" were not invaded by teachers who "preach for hire and divine for money," they have left the broad field of the world to teachers and preachers of a righteousness that rests upon what has been done for them by another, rather than what they must do for themselves in working out their own salvation. Forgetting the divine word, "Let your light shine among men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven,"—forgetting that this light, if it give light to others, must not be hidden under a bushel,—forgetting the deeper truth to which these illustrations point, that no man liveth to himself or dieth to himself, but whether living or dying we are the Lord's,—the work so well and worthily begun has been allowed to fall into other hands, or wait the coming of more faithful stewards. Our lives as social beings are so interwoven, and our duty to be helpful to one another is so plainly set forth and established by the circumstances of our daily intercourse, that no one of us should feel excused for withholding the word. We may awaken thought, and it become as the good seed of the kingdom, yielding a full harvest of spiritual blessing.

It is a fact often witnessed in the experience of the dedicated exponent of the divine word, that those who hold the religion of Jesus as it is formulated in creeds and confessions of faith, who are spiritually-minded and seekers after truth, receive with gladness the simple word of his gospel as understood by us, and where their lives are cast among those of our own profession they rarely fail to be convinced of the principle which is the groundwork of that profession.

Is it not time that we arise in our strength and come back to the example of the first exponents of the Gospel, who "went everywhere preaching the word?"—to the example of every later apostle of this glorious Gospel, whose dedication and unselfish devotion to the work it calls for have made it easier for us of to-day to go forth on this same mission of love and good will?

Our own apostles, whose lives and teaching beyond others come nearer the example of the Great Teacher,—those men and women who counted not their lives dear unto them, if they might but know Christ and be found in him,—made it their life work to declare to others what this Christ Power would do for them if they were willing to become obedient thereto. And this is not the greatest of their work, for they were bold defenders of liberty of conscience, and the right of private interpretation of that which had been written, and of that still more sacred testimony, "What is to be known of God is manifested in man." These stand as memorial stones for all future generations of the work for God and for humanity wrought out by the patient, persistent labor of these whom we call our fathers in the Church. And this work, great as it was, and faithfully as they performed it, will not be completed while a single soul is left to see as through a glass darkly, and one soul is trammeled by the swaddling-clothes of human tradition. To your tents, O Israel! to the place of waiting in the secret chamber of the soul, that you may know what the great Head of the Church has for you to do, and receive grace and ability to perform his bidding!

Creighton, Neb., Seventh month 31st.

It is a matter of surprise that so many families and parts of families of Friends could be living in Omaha at the same time, and some of them residents for several years, and yet have made no acquaintance with one another outside of family limits. The names of thirty are on a list furnished me when I left home on this mission of love, some were added by B. F. Nichols on his recent visit here, and I have heard others yet to be added that will further increase the number. I believe there could not be found in all this western land as large a body of members of any other Christian sect who had not united in the organization of a meeting, and one is forced to the inquiry, Why should this state of things exist? A multitude of reasons present themselves, and each is worthy of consideration. First, perhaps, is the fact that many young men have come from the meetings east of here, believing there were better opportunities in the west for them to get a start in the world than the old home offered. Of these very few probably were more than nominal members of the Society of Friends. They had come to maturity when little was being done to interest the young in the principles and testimonies of the Society, and while attending, it may be, the First-day meeting and the Quarterly Meeting, had not, either through reading what had been written by the early fathers, or what was preached from the galleries, imbibed any fixed or permanent ideas of duty and responsibility toward the organization, inhering in the privileges of birthright which it was theirs to enjoy.

We are all traditional Friends until there is an awakening to a consciousness that our religion must be something more than a name, and unless we come into some sense of obligation to the church, and realize that it has claims upon us which as Friends we must acknowledge and be obedient to, our membership will be of small value to ourselves or to those about us. The life must be permeated, vitalized; must be raised into a condition in which the law of the spirit of life makes us new creatures in Christ Jesus; this is the "new birth," or the being born from above, —the meaning of the words of Jesus to Nicodemus. It is this experience that when realized individually enables us to take our part in the work of that branch of the church in which our lot has been cast. In the intercourse had with Friends in Nebraska I have nowhere found truer or more loyal members of our Society than in this city. In this city the whole life is permeated by the early training they received, and their standing in the community is evidence of the honesty of purpose and integrity of character that this training has developed; but coming west and mingling in business with people who know nothing of our "peculiarities" in dress and address, they have gradually lost these distinctive marks, and thus failed of recognition.

Some have felt the need of religious fellowship, and not knowing that there were others like themselves yearning for the same helpful association, have united in membership with other denominations, yet holding still the principles of the Society as the foundation of their hope.

In the little company gathered through the efforts of S. H. White and a few others at his home, on the afternoon of the 5th instant, there were several who had thus connected themselves, yet it was encouraging to find how cordially they united in welcoming those who came among them in the "name of a disciple" of the faith of their fathers. While the character of this meeting could scarcely place it among those which we class as meetings for worship, it was an opportunity for social and religious intercourse, in which the distinctive features of our profession were freely presented, and the feeling prevailed that in the near future measures would be taken to bring Friends living in Omaha and its vicinity together in religious fellowship.

As a preliminary step, your correspondent was instructed to ask the committee of Prairie Grove Quarterly Meeting, appointed to establish circular meetings, to set a time for holding such a meeting in Omaha, and promising to secure a hall and give due notice in the papers thereof. This is encouraging, and it seems now to rest with that committee to seek for that wisdom which will direct and make possible every proper effort for the advancement of the higher spiritual life among professing Christians.

Social visits followed, my limited stay making it impossible to call upon all the Friends at this time. In all these opportunities, the evidence of interest in the subject of establishing a meeting was manifested; one among the younger men, whose wife and children are also members, assuring me that he "will hold up his end of the work," gives promise that it will not want for whole-hearted laborers, now that it is undertaken.

Omaha, Eighth month 8th.

THROUGH IOWA AND EASTWARD.

At Crab Orchard, enjoying the luxury of Iowa farm life in the very centre of the State, one realizes the changes that modern inventions have wrought in the processes of cultivation, and what wealth of resources this rich prairie land holds in store for the intelligent, industrious settler.

This is an exceptional summer in the West; rains have been seasonable and abundant, and if the present cool, wet weather does not reach the frost level, the corn crop will be enormous. In Marshall county many of the fields will average two ears to the stalk, and a good proportion of the stalks have three perfect ears. The small grains are not so good, owing to a storm the first week of Seventh month that beat down the oats and prevented the grain from filling in perfection. It is all cut, but the larger part lies in the fields waiting the hot sunshine. Some of the earliest cut has been threshed.

My last paper was written at Omaha. In recurring again to my visit there, and the unsparing hospitality extended me by Friends who have united with other religious organizations equally with those who remain in membership, I cannot refrain from expressing the conviction, forced upon me by what I saw and was made acquainted with, that scattered and isolated members of our Society have not been kept in remembrance by the meetings from which they have gone, nor has that watchful oversight been given them which our profession enjoins.

The longings of heart, the struggles to keep alive the little flame of love for the birthright,—scarcely recognized as having any power over the feelings until after the isolation,—these are known only to Him whose "tender mercies are over all," and whose loving care meets and satisfies the longing of every sincere soul. True as this is, it does not release us from our obligations to one another as professors of the religion of Jesus, nor make the neglect of this duty less culpable in the sight of our Divine Father.

On Seventh-day, the 11th instant, Marietta Monthly Meeting was held. I accompanied B. F. and L. Nichols, with whom I was staying, and was glad to see so many of the younger people in attendance at this season of activity in farm work. It gave evidence of an interest in the affairs of the church that promises usefulness in the future. The word spoken was heard with attention, and the covering that overspread the little company was one of fellowship in the truth.

There was very little business to transact, except to consider a proposition to hold a business meeting once in three months instead of every month, as is now the custom. It was thoughtfully discussed, and the conclusion arrived at was not favorable to the change. Noticeably was this the case with those whose family cares and farm work often interfered with their attendance, many living several miles distant and finding it almost impossible, in the extreme cold of the winter season, to come with their little children, yet wanting to have the opportunity to gather with their Friends as often as the circumstances of their surroundings permitted. The result of these deliberations seemed to strengthen the bond of union, and expression was given to the satisfaction and hopefulness the consideration of the subject had produced upon the minds of those to whom the administration of the affairs of the meeting had been in a measure committed.

On First-day morning the house was well filled, and the occasion one of deep and searching exercise for the burden-bearers unto whom the "word of the Lord" had been committed, and of close attention on the part of those to whom it was handed forth.

The First-day school was held after meeting, a large proportion of those present remaining to participate. The meeting-house, as many Friends know, is situated in a rural district, and not far from one belonging to Gurney Friends, who divide with them the religious interest of the surrounding country for several miles. It having been by previous agreement announced that a lawn meeting would be held on the premises of B. F. Nichols, in the afternoon a large company gathered near the hour, under the trees, with the blue canopy of a clear, bright sky above them, waiting in that sweet silence so conducive of communion with Him to whom the worship we offer must be in spirit and in truth. It was indeed an inspiration to remember that "the groves were God's first temples," and that now, as in the far-away, earlier time, the voice of our Father is heard in the "midst of the garden," and that he talks with us as truly in spiritual converse as man talks with his fellow-man through the faculty of speech. This, and the duty of obedience to the message spoken to the understanding through soul-intercourse with its Author, was the message to the assembled worshipers, who seemed with the testimony-bearers to have caught the inspiration of the surroundings; and at the close, as the voice of prayer and thanksgiving arose to the Father of all our sure mercies, it bore the united petition of many,—may it not rather be said of every,—longing soul there gathered! May we who bear the message have many such opportunities of uniting in the love and fellowship of the gospel, and be willing to embrace every right opening that offers to proclaim the glad tidings of this gospel that brings peace and joy to every soul willing to accept its message!

A ride of eight miles late in the afternoon, and a restful repose of a few hours, and your correspondent, in the small hours of the early morning, was again ready to take a seat with the few traveling eastward, and in due time and with little fatigue is set down amid the throng and bustle of the great Northwestern station, thence to the quiet and comfort awaiting in the home circle of beloved relatives in this marvel of cities.

Chicago, Eighth month 14th.

FRIENDS IN CANADA.

AFTER a brief rest at Chicago, a few family and social visits of a strictly private character, I am again in the comfortable sleeping-car, this time the "Wagner," where everything a reasonable traveler can ask, except ventilation, is furnished; even the sanitary conditions, if these can be separated from fresh air, are found as nearly perfect as our present knowledge of sanitation calls for.

Will not some one of our young inventors, seeking new fields of conquest, turn his thoughts to this important subject, and make the tiny compartment that has become a necessity of modern travel all that tired nature craves in seeking its "sweet restorer, balmy sleep"? The route chosen is by the Michigan Central Railroad. Leaving Chicago a little after 10 p.m., we move slowly out into the darkness, and in the trust and confidence that hope sustains, we are soon oblivious of danger or distance. As the train comes to a halt at Albion, one hundred and ninety miles away, the morning is already awake, and struggling through cloud shadows the sun smiles a greeting upon the welcoming landscape.

And the landscape we find a great contrast to the great abounding West, with its single fields of luxuriant corn larger than whole farms that are here divided into dainty patchwork, showing all the colors that make glad the heart of the husbandman, as he stands in the shelter of his own roof-tree, and looks abroad upon what the labor of his hands, blessed by sunshine and shower, has wrought. There are patches of golden heads waiting the ingathering, separated by lines of wooden frame-work from the snowy buckwheat, with its delicate aroma, inviting the industrious bee to "lend a hand" in the perfecting of its mission; another seam joins it to the rustling Indian corn that waves a tasseled coronet to its sweet and lowly neighbor, and would join hands with its friend on the other side, the bowing millet, only the wooden rails come between. Then there are pastures where sheep and cattle browse contentedly, and orchards bending under the weight of rosy-cheeked apples, and the woodland, remnant of forests that once covered this midland section, all pass rapidly by as we steam along towards Jackson and Ann Arbor, old familiar towns of lower Michigan, but giving little hint, from the windows of a car, of their size and importance. This is especially true of Detroit. From the unsightly approaches to the river crossing one gets no idea of what a beautiful and attractive city it is. The cars are run upon ferry-boats, and we cross the St. Clair to find ourselves in a foreign land, subject to the espionage of the Custom-house officials of "Her Majesty." They are courteous in the performance of their duty, and cause little detention. As we pass along through the deep forests and the open country, where in many places huge stumps, "extracted" from the soil, form dividing lines between farms, we are reminded of what toil the adventurous settler had to bestow upon his fields, and what skill it must have required to drive the shining plowshare into the virgin soil without striking the stumps, which in that early day must have been a great hindrance to successful farming in these heavily-wooded sections. Much land is still being cleared; many of the stumps remaining in the older clearings are of immense size. The face of the country on the Canada side presents little variation from what we see in Michigan.

There seems less hurry; people allow themselves more time, and do not rush to meet trains as we appear to do, or run the risk of losing their lives in getting on or off at the stations. St. Thomas, our point of destination, is reached in due time, a little past noon on Fifth-day. The change from central to eastern time which one encounters in coming from Chicago eastward is confusing to the occasional traveler. Looking up at the two clocks that hang side by side in the waiting-room of the St. Thomas Station, one is surprised to see both running, and yet the difference of an hour between them. "Which is right?" is the first thought: then he remembers, or is told by the courteous traveler at his side, one represents the hour by central time, the other by eastern time, and going east or west from the station is regulated by that rule.

At St. Thomas friends are waiting, with ample means of conveyance, to take the delegates to the General Conference of First-day Schools, and Friends coming to Pelham Half-year Meeting, at Sparta, where their meetings are to be held, distant ten miles or more from the railroad. The afternoon is most delightful, and the roads smooth and mostly level. The face of the country indicates abounding fertility, and the large, well-built farm-houses indicate successful farming. Barns and out-buildings are ample, and one is ready to conclude this must be a very garden spot for the industrious and intelligent Canadian farmer, which further acquaintance fully realizes.

Some who arrive at noon go all the distance at once, and others only part way, leaving the rest of the journey to Sparta to be made early the next morning. Among the latter was your correspondent, who, failing to make connection with the one who was to be her companion for the rest of the journey, was content to bide the time in the quiet of a fine old homestead, where generous hospitality, of genuine Quaker stamp, made all who entered its portals at home. The social intercourse here, as elsewhere among Friends of the Province of Ontario, indicates a warm feeling towards "the States," and an earnest desire for closer bonds in civil matters, some advocating union and others separate government with reciprocity; not one, so far as I heard, being in favor of continuing the present relations with Great Britain. And indeed one would not think it strange that these, our close neighbors, would want to share equally with ourselves the overflow of our great and abounding plenty, in exchange for the rewards of their own skill and labor, without the onerous duties that now make that exchange oppressive to the industries of both sections. On Sixth-day morning the roads leading to the meeting-house of Friends of Yarmouth were lined with well-filled vehicles of every description, en route for the Monthly Meeting, which was held at 11 o'clock. Those who composed the select Preparative Meeting had started early, as it was held at 9.30.

Your correspondent, having been cordially invited to attend, was glad to accept, and notwithstanding it required an early start and was a good part of the way through a heavy shower, the carriage, well provided with curtains, with the leather apron in front, afforded ample protection to both occupants.

It had cleared by the time we had reached the meeting-house, and the weather continued fine until all the meetings had been held. A very general mistake prevails among Friends in the "States" in regard to the location of this meeting-house, which it may be as well just here to correct. The house is near the town of Sparta; the name of the township is Yarmouth, in the Province of Ontario. All who came, not previously instructed, asked for the town of Yarmouth, whereas there are several towns in the township, which embraces an area of twelve miles, as I was informed. The name of the Monthly Meeting is Norwich, composed of several Preparative Meetings and one small Indulged Meeting. It is the custom to hold this Monthly Meeting in connection with Pelham Half-year Meeting, when it occurs at Sparta, as it favors a more general attendance of both. The Select Meeting was very small, but a season of profitable thought and inquiry, a fitting preparation for the larger assembly, which gathered into silence as near the hour appointed as is practicable among people who have such long distances to travel in their own conveyances.

The testimonies handed forth were of a practical character, calculated to strengthen and build up the spiritual life, and were listened to with close attention. In the business meeting which followed, four queries only were examined, but all were read as they occur; also the advices. They have a very pretty custom here of both clerks rising and standing while the query with the responses is read.

The delegates appointed by the several Preparative Meetings to attend also rose, and remained standing until all had been called. There was little other business transacted, except the appointment of representatives to the Half-year Meeting. Many expressions of interest in the proceedings of the meeting came from visiting Friends, to whom the participation of the younger members in the affairs of the church was a most encouraging feature.

At three o'clock the Select Meeting of the Half-year Meeting called together again the ministers and elders, and Friends from other meetings entitled to a seat in that body. The routine of business was the same as in the Preparative Meeting. The answers to the queries show a degree of faithful effort in the several matters queried after that was very encouraging and helpful.

The names of three newly-recorded ministers were reported. These were James Zavitz, Samuel P. Zavitz, and William Cornell, the two former of Lobo, and the latter a resident of Sparta and clerk of the select meeting.

On Seventh-day, the 18th, Pelham Half-year Meeting convened at eleven o'clock, with a very large attendance and an increasing interest.

All the delegates of the First-day School General Conference, with many others who accompanied them, representing six Yearly Meetings, were present, Illinois only failing to respond to the call.

The exercised Friends engaged in the ministry of the Word on this occasion were favored to hand forth, as ability was given, the message of "peace and good-will" that came to the world with the coming of the blessed Jesus. The "diversity of gifts" met the diversity of wants, and the one Spirit that sanctifies and unites in the bond of Christian fellowship, ruled over all; under the precious cover of this overshadowing the meeting closed.

The business meeting that followed was mainly a repetition of what had taken place on the morning previous. This Half-year Meeting is composed of Norwich, Pelham, Battle Creek, and an Indulged Meeting held in Malahide township. Many of the representatives were absent, a few only sending excuses. Let me just here offer a word of encouragement to those who are appointed representatives to any of our meetings, and who find it to be out of their power to attend, to send some word to the meeting, giving a reason for their non-attendance. This would give evidence of their interest in the appointments, and add to the value of the meeting, which so largely depends upon the faithfulness of those holding appointments therein.

Minutes for Louisa J. Roberts, a minister from Green Street Monthly Meeting, Philadelphia, Pa., and Phebe C. Wright, an elder from Shrewsbury Monthly Meeting, New Jersey, were read. The presence, without minutes, of David B. Bullock, a minister from Salem Monthly Meeting, and Isaac Wilson, a minister of Bloomfield, Ontario, besides several elders from the various meetings represented by the delegates to the General Conference, were welcomed equally with those who brought minutes of unity, and a cordial invitation was extended to all to participate in the business of the meeting. But the great occasion of all, in which is centered the interest of the whole neighborhood, is the First-day morning meeting, at which people of all shades of religious thought, from far and near, come together.

The large house, which has partitions that divide it into three audience rooms, was thrown into one, and every bench and seat on the premises called into service to accommodate the throng that gathered, which must have numbered not far from six hundred, and the outpouring of the people was but a prelude to the outpouring of the Spirit that followed. The silence was broken by Isaac Wilson, whose testimony was a clear and convincing exposition of "salvation by Christ" as held and believed in by our branch of Friends. The persuasive eloquence of the speaker, and his loving entreaty to all who had not known this salvation, — all who had wandered from the "Father's house,"—to return and accept the offers of his love, will not fail of its purpose in giving hope and comfort to many inquirers. Other testimonies were offered, and the voice of praise and thanksgiving ascended in grateful acknowledgment to the Father of all our sure mercies, for the evidences afforded of his presence in our midst.

In the afternoon the First-day School held a session, in which several of the workers from other Yearly Meetings took part. This was followed by a meeting of the young people, in which they participated, many giving utterance to their hopes and aspirations, and to the help they had received through the ministrations of the gospel of which they had been partakers. This was a most precious and baptizing season, that will not be without fruit in the time to come.

There is an awakening among the young members of this meeting, and a willingness to share the duties and responsibilities of its service, that is very promising. Nowhere else, perhaps, within our borders, is this so marked a feature. It recalls the experiences of the olden time, when so many who were young in years were called to the work of the ministry, and gave abundant evidence of divine appointment. That some such revival has had its beginning in the meetings just held is very apparent; that it may spread throughout our whole heritage is the prayer that arises from many who, like Simeon of old, are waiting for the consolation of (our) Israel.

On the following evening Isaac Wilson had an appointed meeting at the village of Union, about four miles distant, which was well attended.

Sparta, Ontario, Eighth month 20th.

THROUGH CANADA AND HOMEWARD.

At 10 o'clock on the morning of the 20th, the General Conference of Friends' First-day School opened, in the same meeting-house in which the Half-year Meeting had been held, with a large attendance, and the devotional silence usually observed in all our gatherings. The names of delegates were called by Associations, each of which was represented except Illinois; for the absence of one delegate from that Association a reason was given. This session was occupied with the routine business of the body, interspersed with much pertinent expression relating to the several subjects brought up. The most noticeable feature, and one in which the whole audience heartily united, was the proposal to send a greeting by telegram from the Conference to the Centennial Meeting at Plainfield, New Jersey, held to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of the occupancy of the meeting-house.

As a Friend in attendance will give a full report of the proceedings of the Conference for our paper, it is only necessary to say briefly there were three sessions held, all marked by great earnestness, and all of a devotional character, which was felt to be largely due to the deep spirituality of the meetings which preceded the Conference. There were those whose voices had seldom, if ever, before been heard in our gatherings, who bore testimony to the value of these meetings to themselves, and all seemed to feel that it was a great privilege to be in attendance. The business throughout was conducted with deliberation, and a willingness to concede to every one the same liberty of expression that each claimed for himself; all was done in harmony, and the good feeling maintained, when differing views of the same subject were presented, gave evidence that the One Controlling Power of all rightly gathered assemblies was in our midst.

After all was accomplished for which we had met, and full expression had been given to the good that had been received, the Conference adjourned to meet two years hence in Indiana, at the time of holding Whitewater Quarterly Meeting.

Then came the farewells, which were tender, grateful, and expressive of Christian fellowship. We take our leave, with the exchange of many good wishes, and return to St. Thomas, where we arrive in good season. From here we go our several ways east and west, with the conviction that the reunion we have enjoyed has added to our vital religious force, and brought the several parts of our heritage very near together in Christian fellowship.

The ride to Erie takes us within view of Niagara Falls, and we hear the endless roar of its mighty waters gathered up from the far northwest, so near the water-shed of its Pacific slope as to suggest the brine of the ocean. Rushing onward through lake and strait and river in a succession that is simply beyond description, it pours the accumulation of its flood of waters into the broad Atlantic. Surely here the forces of nature, grand as they are irresistible, are worthy our deepest thought, and should awaken in us the profoundest reverence for him whose care is over all his works, so that whether it be the mighty ocean or the tiniest drop that falls into its bosom, it is not suffered to fail of its mission to water and refresh the earth.

Before we reach Niagara we pass the town of Welland, where we get a view of the canal that connects the two great lakes, Erie and Ontario. It and the town take their name from a small tributary of the Niagara river, which has its rise in the Province of Ontario, and forms a part of the Welland Canal, emptying into the Niagara river above the Falls. It does not take long to run the twenty-seven miles from Falls View to Buffalo. The road from Buffalo follows the lake and runs through many pretty towns, with adjacent vineyards and orchards and fields dropping fulness into the lap of plenty, making the heart overflow with thankfulness to the Giver of all good. Now we see the wide stretch of water shining through the hazy atmosphere of this warm summer weather; then through skirts of woodland, remnants of the "forest primeval," our busy engine hurries us along until the solid old town of Erie is reached, in the deepening shades of the evening.

One day is given to Chautauqua Lake, with the hope of being in time for the School of Literature and Science, where the best expositors of evangelical religious thought in our day may be heard. We saw the wooden counterpart of the great temples of Greece, and walked through its academic grove, but the great masters were gone, and the quiet of the "assembly grounds" was broken only by the voices of the excursionists. Another afternoon is spent on Lake Erie; a stiff breeze gives us some experience of the effects of the chopping waves that make this at such times a turbulent little inland sea.

After a week spent in the enjoyment of all that social visiting, excursions and the like have to offer, time, as it ever has done, brings round the end of all this varying chapter. We leave Erie in the grey dawn of early morning of Ninth month 3d, and as the clock strikes twelve, midnight, enter the door of our own home.

ESSAYS.

THE FORMATION OF HABITS.

There are few persons who have arrived at years of discretion that do not find themselves confronted by some habit which interferes with their satisfactory advancement in the best things. The most carefully trained have some "sin that easily besets," or some weakness to combat that was acquired in early life, and though they may again and again resolve to shake off its hold, a continued yielding lessens the power of resistance, and the old enemy too often maintains its ground to the close of human existence. Some of our bad habits are traceable to the association with others whom we esteem, who are in the same practices; especially is this the case in respect to the animal appetites. There are, it is conceded, some individuals who have strong tendencies to excess. That it is difficult for such to refrain from gross indulgence, the records of reformatory institutions painfully disclose. But in a majority of cases the instincts of little children are healthy, and these, if not warped or smothered, run into channels that are mainly free from evil consequences.

There needs to be exercise of earnest, patient, persevering effort on the part of parents, not only in directing the development of their children, but in watching over themselves, that they mar not the moulding of the plastic mind through any unworthy example; and this is the most difficult part of a parent's duty. Failure comes not through lack of interest in the formation of proper habits, but from the overmastering power of their own weaknesses. To forbid is a light thing and easily said. To secure prompt and loving obedience involves firmness and a moral courage that is lamentably wanting in a large majority of parents.

We do not fully recognize how full of life the little brain is, or how eagerly it takes in and assimilates whatever is within reach of its intelligence. It seeks constantly to add to its enjoyment, and the best security against evil habits is to make its life happy. This is not accomplished by a weak compliance with every wish of the child, though it is not wise to deny a child any prospective pleasure that is practicable and innocent; but when for any reason this must be done, let it be firmly, kindly and tenderly adhered to. To suffer one's self to be coaxed into a consent, usually ends in a slavish submission to the caprices of our children, and fosters in them the spirit of domination and self-will. It does indeed require more than human wisdom to so regulate the habits of a child, and so guide its impulses, that the tender soul-plant, swayed by every breath of home influence, may not be rudely crushed or wantonly bruised, but gently bent and trained into right form and beauty. The restraint of wholesome discipline must be felt and acknowledged at every point of divergence. The tendency to excess in anything must be checked, and order and neatness insisted upon.

The necessity of becoming useful may be taught with the first lessons in the nursery. Little duties performed for others make the child feel that it is of some value, and open a channel for the outflow of activity that is of lasting benefit. Much of the petulance and ill-temper exhibited by children might be avoided by simply giving them employment. The little fellow that insists upon dressing himself ought not to be hindered from performing such service, for it educates him to be self-reliant. In the act he is unconsciously gaining a mastery that will do him good service in after life.

Children cannot be too early taught respect and courtesy towards all with whom they have intercourse. We have seen children who were models in deportment to visitors of the family, exhibit wanton disregard for the feelings of those employed to do the labor of the household. There is a want of attention to this matter that adds materially to the difficulties in the way of securing good servants, for no man or woman who possesses any degree of self-respect will long remain in the service of a family where the children are permitted to be discourteous in behavior or offensive in language. "Good or bad habits formed in youth commonly go with us through life," is an old adage of our "First Reader," which we cannot ignore or neglect in the training of our children, as well as in watchfulness over ourselves; for in this matter, as in every other that concerns our welfare here and our hopes for hereafter, we have need to remember the injunction of the Blessed Jesus: "What I say unto one, I say unto all, Watch."

FELLOWSHIP.

In nothing is the age in which we are now living more remarkable than in the crumbling away of the walls of separation betwen races and sects of men, and it could hardly be otherwise, since the researches of scholar and artisan have brought people of diverse ways of living and thinking so near together that the good and true as well as the useful in all have become common property.

We may read in "our own tongue" the best thought of the oldest and most conservative nations of the earth, while the products of their fields and workshops enrich our merchants and give employment to multitudes who "go down to the sea in ships."

And the result of all this inter-communication of nations and peoples, though not always brought about through friendly and pacific measures, has been opening the way for a better understanding of the civilizations and their religions that differ from our own. And while in our zeal for the spread of the religion we profess, thousands of the best and bravest of our Christian brethren have gone forth to carry its message of love and good-will far and wide over the habitable earth, the best that this self-sacrifice has accomplished in other lands falls far short of what it has done for the religious bodies at home. One good work leads to another; like the leaven, it spreads until its blessed effects are felt to the utmost bound of human need. It has made common cause of human want and human suffering, and we are coming to realize, as was never realised before, how much there is that is really good in all, and how very few and unimportant are the differences that have heretofore separated devout and earnest seekers after the true life. We sent back to the land of the rising sun the religion that had its birth under eastern skies, not as it was given forth, but as we interpreted its parables and emblems, and it comes to us again translated into its own oriental imagery by the "friends of God," whom in our ignorance we thought heathen and idolatrous.

Is not all this teaching us the lesson given in vision to Peter? Shall we longer call any people common or unclean that have access to the same spirit, and are children of the same "Heavenly Father"? And is it not this knowledge that is bridging the chasm, and making a highway upon which humanity everywhere may walk together in harmony for the redemption of the race? The fundamental truths of every form of religious belief rest on faith in a Supreme Ruler, and obedience to what is understood as his will, which it calls for, will be accepted. To call ourselves Christians, it is not necessary for us to dissolve our separate and distinctive organizations, nor will the church of the future, in this respect perhaps, differ materially from the present. As we maintain our separate family life, so let us uphold our religious bodies, not as rivals, but as well-ordered families, bearing our distinctive names and working upon our several planes for the spiritual growth and development of our members, having respect for all and realizing kindred aims in those whose methods differ from our own. There are essential truths, plain and easy to be understood, and common to all. Surely we may work together for the lifting up of the fallen and the relief of the needy, and leave creeds, disciplines and confessions to be formulated and carried out within the lines of sect or party organization.

It is the unity of spirit that is the bond of peace.

Third month 23d, 1884.

THY BIRTHRIGHT.

" What profit shall this birthright do to me."—*Gen. 25 : 32.*

There seems to be a tendency in the minds of many of our young people to undervalue the advantages accruing through a birthright in the Society of Friends.

Like the fainting Esau, weary and without spiritual strength, they are ready to exclaim, " What profit is this birthright to *me!*"

Some of the older members, seeing in their children and others this feeling manifested, are almost ready to acknowledge that our ancestors made a great mistake, and to question whether the time for such a change in Discipline as will release our children from its obligations is not near at hand. Before, however, we decide, let us consider what are the rights conferred, and what the requirements imposed. The birthright is older than history. It is the earliest manifestation of that precedence which one exercises over others, dating back to the foundation of human institutions and combinations. In its first application, it defined the Patriarchal Successor,—the eldest son, who by virtue of being first-born became heir at the death of the Father or Patriarch to all the authority with which he had been clothed, to all the treasures collected, with the flocks and herds, and the men and women servants belonging to the family. The entire control remained his during his life, and at his demise the next eldest-born son in direct line became his successor. In some instances, by treachery or fraud, the elder, as in the case of Esau, was supplanted by the younger; and further, in process of time, as tribes and races of men increased, and kingly forms of government were instituted, the widow of the deceased monarch would sometimes seize the reins of power and control national affairs. The right entailed by birth has continued down to the present time; all monarchies observe it, and landed estates are transmitted by the law of primogeniture.

That which was adopted as best for civil society was not slow in being engrafted on religious organizations, though in a fuller acceptance, embracing all the children born to the parents.

Thus we see Abraham separating himself and family by circumcision from the Pantheistic creeds that surrounded him, and erecting his altar to the one true and living God. There has been much written for and against birthright membership. I might say the subject has been exhausted by such able minds that it were vain for me to attempt to add anything. Yet as we come to a better understanding of our religious duties, and, in obedience to the injunction of the Apostle, "prove all things, holding fast to that which is good," examination may not be altogether useless. Whatever there is pleasant in life, and precious to the heart, the tender parent seeks to confer upon the child; hence that anxiety to accumulate property, to add house to house and field to field, for these bring physical comfort and well-being to the offspring.

So well established is this fact that the man or woman who by profligacy or mismanagement squanders the means, either earned or bequeathed, of living, and reduces helpless children to beggary and want, is censured and frowned upon by the whole community.

Now, my dear young friends, for it is *your* attention especially that I desire to obtain, if your parents are careful to surround your lives with outward comforts and enjoyments, and any who are not making every laudable effort to do so are open to censure, how much greater, think you, must be their anxiety to bring you within the compass of those unfading treasures which are beyond the reach of moth, or rust, or corruption, and to surround your *spiritual* lives from earliest infancy by the gentle influence of a faith so simple, so easily understood, and withal so comprehensive, that its sweet lessons are as applicable to your infantile minds, as when the rolling years have matured your thoughts and shaped your actions.

This brings us to the question of the famishing Esau, "What profit shall this birthright do to me?" O soul! fainting and weak, asking for bread, what is it thou wouldst take as a compensation for thy birthright? Art thou willing to part with it for a morsel of pottage? a crumb of earthly comfort?

Within our enclosure, planted by the great Husbandman, and watered by the blood and tears of holy men and women, who counted not their lives dear unto them that they might win for themselves and all who should come after them freedom to worship God, there is bread enough and to spare. The waters of life flow freely. The fountain for sin and uncleanness has never yet failed. The throne of mercy has never withheld the sceptre of love from any who, like the weeping and sorely tried Esther, in utter self-abnegation is ready to exclaim: "I will go unto the king: if I perish, I perish." Young aspirant for the royal favor, examine thy position, count the cost, see whether the privileges of this birthright have been rightly measured. Say not, "No man careth for my soul,"—"I am ready to perish—what good will it do me?"—and thus despise the inheritance.

Look over the whole religious world; see by how many and various forms and ceremonies divine clemency is sought,—all the paraphernalia by which the soul hopes to find favor with its Maker,— that Being whom Scripture testimony affirms to be "not very far from every one of us." If a man have the reality, what need of emblems? was the query of an enlightened Persian, on whom the missionary, Henry Martyn, was endeavoring to enforce the necessity of the observance of the sacraments of Baptism and the Supper.

Let me persuade any who may be looking for help through these means,—seeking the bread of life and the water of regeneration in these outward rites,—to turn to the testimony of the Blessed Jesus on this very point. "It is the spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing" (John 6: 63). All the observances that have been foisted in the profession of faith in God through his dear Son, are but parts of those old forms and ceremonies which Christian truth declares "could never make comers thereunto perfect." Now, my young friends, it is from trammels such as these that your birthright is designed to preserve you. The willing heart is what our Father asks! The washing of regeneration and renewing of the spirit is His baptism. The bread of life coming from God out of heaven is His holy supper, and of this, they who have known of His washing are made partakers, as the dear Son declared, "We will come in and sup with him." How desirable is the condition of that soul for which the gospel feast is spread.

With all the rituals, all the bowings before the altar, all the consecrations and confirmations, there are none so wedded to outward observances as to claim for them any efficacy except as they profess to help the weaknesses and infirmities of the flesh, and bear testimony to a faith in the living, saving power of God manifested in his Son Jesus Christ.

Now as I read the revealings of truth recorded in the experiences of the past and exemplified in the living witnesses of the present, I must bear testimony to the earnest conviction that, instead of being a help, every observance tending to draw the soul away from the "reality" to the outward semblance is a let and hindrance, and weakens the spiritual life. "Come unto me all ye ends of the earth and be saved," is the invitation; "My yoke is easy, and my burden is light," is the inducement; and the promise of "good gifts to him that asketh," is the reward. Will you come to the great salvation? Will you bear the burthen? Will you claim the good gifts laid up in store for you and all who love his blessed appearing?

THE MISSION OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

"THE mission of the Society of Friends," said a late writer, "is not to compare different forms of church government, but to call all men to the Shepherd and Bishop of souls, to whom the gathering of the people must be, and by whose Spirit they will be led and guided into all truth." This embodies the fundamental belief held by the Society,—that God is the teacher of His people, and that His saving Light as manifested in His dear Son, is sufficient to redeem every seeking soul. This brings us to the inquiry, What does this birthright require of those who, without any will or consent of their own, (being born into membership), have a place in the ranks of the Society, growing up from infancy with a knowledge of their right, but often with no clear understanding of what it bestows or what it claims in return? And here is the labor of the parent most needed. In the tender years of childhood the mind is easily influenced; there are few lessons more readily impressed on the plastic understanding than the simple, practical truths underlying our holy profession, provided a beginning is made with the first dawning of intelligence.

The parent stands in the same relation to the young child as does the Father above to His accountable children. Desires must be restrained, dispositions controlled, and obedience required long before the mind is capable of reasoning or of comprehending the extent of its accountability. The child must be encouraged to confide in his parents, and they in turn, not unmindful of the compassion which they crave for themselves, should be careful to exercise the same towards the precious charge committed to their care. Many, very many of you, dear young people, can bear witness to this tender care on the part of your parents. You have come to that period in your lives when the responsibility rests with yourselves. Sooner or later that voice which is heard in every soul will address to each this momentous query, "Where art thou?" The answer marks a turning point in spiritual life. The awakened soul hastens to acquaint itself with God, that it may be at peace.

This leads to examination, and we come to appreciate what are the requirements of this birthright. Dear friend, to whom this call has been extended, cast not lightly aside thy claim to the inheritance of thy fathers. Weigh its demands, measure its privileges, not in a spirit of criticism, but with an earnest desire to discover whether they are adapted to thy individual wants. "Be fully persuaded in thy own mind," was the injunction of an eminent apostle. This is the part of wisdom; to disregard would be wronging thyself, and the Society which has extended its fostering care over thy infantile years. There are no unfathomed mysteries in the brief creed it offers.

Its first obligation is an acknowledgment of a belief in the existence of one living and true God, the creator and upholder of all things. In the revealings of truth we behold Him as a loving Father, bestowing His bounty on all the creatures He has made, dispensing blessings with an unsparing hand, and claiming in return a filial obedience, patiently bearing with the failings and departures of his finite children, ever ready to welcome the prodigal, hearing even when afar off his hungering cry for the bread of his Father's house. It teaches that "God has not left himself without a witness," but in every age of the world, at various times and under widely differing circumstances, has sent His chosen servants, adapting to the wants of His creatures, the messages of love or of warning which they have been commissioned to bear to the children of men. It asks you to accept the lessons of wisdom and truth that fell from the lips of the dear Son and sent of the Father, as the rule and guide of your lives. On these are based the testimonies held by the Society, to which, as heirs of the promises made to the fathers, it claims your earnest adherence. Would we be the disciples of him who sealed his testimony with his blood? Would we learn the way of acceptance with the Father of Mercies? Let us copy his example. He was holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners.

To this purity of life we are individually called, with the assurance that we shall find help in every time of need. None can say they are the disciples of Christ who are unwilling to follow where he directs; the path may seem thorny, but leads to a quiet habitation where the soul finds peace and rest.

It offers no fig-leaf covering behind which the guilty conscience may seek to hide from the Searcher of hearts; no veil of a shadowy dispensation separates from the Holy of Holies.

The Shekinah to which it invites waits no priestly benediction, but fills the "living temple with its holy presence." The importance of holding the truth in simplicity cannot be too strongly insisted upon. As I look over the troubled waters of doubt and uncertainty into which the rigid dogmas of theologians have plunged the young inquirer, and the abysmal depths through which the arm of everlasting love has been extended to save the soul despairing of the mercy and forgiveness so freely offered for its acceptance, remembering the fearful doom of eternal reprobation that haunted my feeble aspirations for a "closer walk with God" through many years of my younger life, I feel it enjoined upon me to warn you against setting any limit to the free gift of the Father's love; and also to assert that all the dark and partial dogmas which disfigure the creeds of men have grown out of their imperfect knowledge of the mission of our dear Lord which clouded the vision of his immediate followers. In the light of the advancing rays of the Sun of Righteousness these gloomy views are dissipating, and the broader ground of our holy profession, which holds that "God willeth not the death of any," is finding a lodgement in the hearts of His children.

ATTENDANCE OF RELIGIOUS MEETINGS.

AMONG the obligations we assume as members of the visible church, we consider the associating together of those holding similar views to be important; hence, in the regulations adopted by the Society of Friends, the first query interrogates concerning the attendance of meetings for worship and discipline, and it is made a test of Christian fellowship.

We show that our feelings go out in sympathy towards those among whom our lot is cast by our desires to associate with them. This is true of our intercourse socially,—there is generally some bond of union by which we are brought into nearness, and we are reciprocally benefited in proportion to the purity of the attachment; for there is this difference,—in our earthly fellowship the bond may be selfish or improper, while of the Christian union we can say, with the poet,

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love,
The fellowship of kindred minds
So like to that above."

The injunction of the Apostle Paul to one of the early churches,—"Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together, as the manner of some is," shows clearly that neglect in this particular was at that time looked upon as a departure from the faith. The promise by the blessed Jesus, of the blessing to even the "two or three" assembled in his name, is encouragement for those who feel the importance of the obligation.

While a non-attendance on the outward ministrations of the church opposes no bar to a spiritual union and communion with Christ, the living Head, it is nevertheless made a disciplinary offence by every organization bearing the Christian name. This fact of itself presupposes the advantages that should result from a regular attendance at appointed times and places for Divine worship, and the consequent loss sustained by absenting ourselves therefrom.

Accepting the declaration of the Son and sent of the Father, "that God is a spirit and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth,"—Friends in establishing meetings saw, in the clearness of that Light which led them away from all the outward forms, that they could alone offer acceptable worship by presenting themselves "living sacrifices," which was their reasonable service, devoutly waiting for fire of the Holy Altar to consume whatever stood in the way of this spiritual worship, individually supplicating the Searcher of hearts for mercy and divine favor. It is this spiritual worship that mainly constitutes the Society of Friends "a royal priesthood, a peculiar people." Thus reverently waiting before the Most High, early Friends experienced the refining and purifying influences of His Holy Spirit, and were bound by a tie which death could not sever, willingly suffering the loss of all worldly goods, and life itself if need be, for the same blessed truth that had been so graciously opened to their understanding. Do we, their successors, desire for ourselves and our children the maintenance of this waiting condition in our meetings, or will we suffer ourselves to be turned aside, asking that another entreat the Lord for us, and, as the rebellious Israelites to Moses, say, "Speak thou with us and we will hear, but let not God speak with us, lest we die?" There has been no time in the history of the Christian Church when there was greater need of the acknowledgment of individual accountability than the present, or of a closer adherence to the law written on "the tablet of the heart," which, if we give heed to its precepts, will guide us safely through all the doubts and discouragements with which the enemy of our soul's peace would entangle us.

Some of us feel how much we need the sympathy and encouragement of others who like ourselves are subject to the vicissitudes incident to a human and finite condition. We desire earnestly to be found walking in the path that leads to enduring peace, but, under the pressure of the shadowy semblances that surround us, some falter and are seen to lag on the way. Then there is danger. The voice of the charmer sounds in our ears. With enticing words we are drawn away from the narrow path of our early profession, along which we have perhaps been carelessly loitering, and are induced to believe that those outward observances and ceremonials, which never yet made the comers thereunto perfect, are what we need to bring us nearer the mercy seat, and, yielding, we turn aside from the true spiritual worship which we had been led to regard as the only way to acceptance. The meeting which offers no outward attraction, that calls each to the Fountain of living waters for refreshment, with no promise of vocal utterance, or other help than the answering of heart to heart, and the flow of love, ceases to be a place of pleasant memories. We want something tangible. The Fountain may flow for us, but it is unseen; we are not sure its healing waters will ever reach our case. We see the baptismal font, and are told that to be sprinkled in the name of a Triune God gives us an entrance into the fold of Christ. We forsake the path that led our fathers to the fresh-flowing stream, and turn to the cisterns hewn out by human hands, where we hope to find what our souls so ardently desire:— peace with God. Thus are many parents' hearts made sorrowful, for the children to whom the Society had a right to look as the upholders of its testimonies have turned from them to the beggarly elements of a ritualistic profession. Upon whose shoulders rests the responsibility? How shall we who see the tendencies of this present age, and utter not the voice of warning and entreaty, seek to justify ourselves before the Judge of all? Upon the Man of Nazareth the Father bestowed the fulness of His own infinite perfections, that through Him the covenant which had rested in blood, and divers washings and outward observances, might be abolished, with all its costly service and exacting ceremonials; and the glad tidings of great joy of the coming of the long-promised Saviour and Redeemer be proclaimed to the nations of the earth.

Would we be found leading on the advance guard under His banner of peace and good-will, let us see to it that we faithfully maintain our testimony against every appearance of oppression, and that we rightly esteem the manner of worship adopted by our predecessors as that which brings us nearer the truth as taught by the blessed Jesus and as carrying out the soul's emancipation foreshadowed in the prophetic declaration: "To undo heavy burdens, and let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke."

THE LESSON OF THE HOUR.

SCARCELY a day passes that has not its lesson of deep instruction for each of us, if our hearts are open to its teachings. Enjoying to the utmost the pursuits and pleasures of the country, I might be tempted to question the Divine ordering that cast my lot, until far into the term of middle life, among the bustling scenes of a large city, had I not long ago learned to accept with thankfulness whatever is set before me, believing firmly that He "who doeth all things well" knows much better than finite creatures like ourselves what is best for us. In the country we are brought into closer relationship with nature. We see more of what the Psalmist calls the "handiwork of God," — the miracle of creation is daily repeated. Everything teems with life. Do we but stir a leaf, some tiny insect has found a shelter under its green canopy. Move but a chip that has lain a few hours on the moist earth, something that has life hurries to escape observation. Yesterday S—— was turning over a pile of garden pales, which had been lying on the grass since early spring, and were almost hidden by the rank growth around them. Soon an humble-bee flew out, and, circling around, showed signs of great distress. Lifting one of the pales he came across her nest. It had evidently been made by a field-mouse, and deserted by its original occupant. The bee, seeing such comfortable quarters without a tenant, had taken possession.

As he lifted the soft bed of fine hay and placed it in my hand, I was at loss to know what the queer little lumps it contained could be; they were the oddest things for eggs that I had ever seen in any nest. Being curious to examine its contents, I brought it to the house and placed it on the window-sill near which I usually sit. Nothing that I have investigated lately has awakened so tender a chord as this rude, ungainly cell in which the mother bee had so carefully tucked in her embryo progeny; — and this was her home life!

How many of us might learn lessons of tenderness and care from this simple creature. How patiently she has labored, not to clothe herself in gaudy robes, that she might sport through the sunny hours in idle gaiety, but to prepare and provide for those that are to come. What hours of toil has that little nursery cost her! how many times has she folded her weary wings to rest when the day was over! and with what happy forgetfulness of the past has she spread them again when the return of morning called to a renewal of her toils! Miles and miles away from this little nest she may have flown to gather the precious stores with which she has so cunningly fashioned it. The little brown lump, no larger than a filbert, looks precisely like maple sugar; in it the embryo colony are held; while by its side a cell filled with honey and left open at the top stands ready with its sweet contents for the newly-hatched brood.

All that her mother instinct teaches has been faithfully performed, and but for the rude hand which bore it hence, she might now be covering her precious charge with the wings of motherly affection, warming into life the latent germs it contains. Standing as I now do among the frosts of autumn, my thoughts go back to the years when little hearts turned to mine for sympathy, and little wants called forth increasing care and energy.

How stands the record? Was the mother always true to her trust? Ah! there is more required than food and clothing for the precious immortals entrusted to our human guardianship.

Does the little one always receive what it most craves, the fulness of mother's love expressed in voice and manner as well as felt in the inmost recesses of her heart? I fear many of us have laid up and are still laying up for ourselves a harvest of untold anguish, which in the years to come will wet our pillows with unavailing tears. Those little eyes that through the shower our hasty word, or it may be cruel blow, has caused, look up appealingly into our own, — how they haunt the memory! How they humble the poor heart that would fain believe it has tried to be faithful to its trust! Guard well the precious charge with which thou art intrusted; let the hours of childhood be sunny and joyous; above all things, feel with and for the child in all its little joys and sorrows. There is nothing will so strengthen the bond of union, or so call forth the devotion of a child and secure prompt obedience. Said a precious little boy of only seven summers to his mother, "If I had little boys I would not whip them." What a commentary on that saying of Solomon, which is often quoted by the advocates of corporal punishment. That dear child had already come into the gospel state of peace, while many travel the path of life for three score and ten and do not attain to it. Happy indeed must that mother be who, when the record of the past is summed up and she is called to account for her stewardship, can say, "Here am I, Lord, and the children thou hast given me."

A Sermon.

WHAT SHALL I DO TO BE SAVED? *

"WHAT must I do to be saved?" This momentous question comes to every one of us, at some period of our lives, and becomes for the time the absorbing thought. When this question was put by the trembling, conscience-stricken jailer to the Apostle, the answer given was, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." This marks the first step towards salvation, and what this belief implies has been a subject of controversy during all the centuries that have passed since that time.

We find ourselves in danger outwardly, from which we see no way of escape, until there comes before us something that promises relief; — we believe that relief can come to us through its agency, and we cry for help! We all have known this, and we all have known that unless we saw some hope of being saved from the impending calamity through the help of another, that if we had not believed this possible, we should have sunk under the calamity that threatened us. This is our outward experience, and it becomes plain to every one of us that if we are in need of help we must apply

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*A sermon at Green Street Meeting, Philadelphia, Eleventh month 17, 1889. From phonographic notes by Sue R. Wilkins. (Published by re[illegible]t of hearers.)

to those who can help us. If we are in danger of losing our lives we must turn to those who can save us from the peril that is before us. All spiritual relations are subject to the same laws of cause and effect that govern us in the outward world, and that which is outward becomes the type of that which is inward, spiritual, and eternal.

Now we come back to the thought of salvation by Christ; and that is the point that most concerns us in relation to this spiritual life of ours. What is it to be saved,—saved spiritually? It may be to be rescued from some danger into which we have plunged, it may be to be preserved from some danger that threatens us, into which we have not yet fallen; it is either to be taken out of the trouble or to be preserved from the danger which confronts us. And it is just here, as I apprehend, that the line of divergence comes when we speak of being saved by the Lord Jesus Christ, as the expression is given. Our Christian brethren of other persuasions, sincere and earnest as ourselves, have a "scheme of salvation," based upon the earlier thought of *sacrifice*, upon that idea which came into the world perhaps among the first religious thoughts of the human family, that we must offer something to the Power whose force and energy were seen through the phenomena of nature, but who was invisible to the eyes of men and must be appeased,—must be made the friend of man through the offering of something he values as his greatest treasure. Thus he gave his first-born for the sins of his body; he gave the treasures of the field, the firstlings of his flocks and herds, and hoped thereby to gain the favor of the Power he feared. And so sacrifice came to be considered the way to salvation; and man was saved,—brought into the highest favor,—through what he offered of his treasures to the Divine Majesty.

As the years rolled on and the centuries passed, man began to see more clearly the basis upon which his acceptance rested, and some thought came to the foremost thinkers of the race that it was not by anything that man could offer outwardly that acceptance with God was gained, but that the fruit of his lips, the meditation of his heart, and the desires of his soul must be in harmony with that which was his highest conception of God to bring him to that peace which to be saved seems to imply. And so, down through the ages, as we come to the time of the manifestation in Judea of the blessed Son and sent of the Father, there was growing in the thoughts of men a more divine idea of salvation by sacrifice, and a preparing of the minds of many of the lowly ones of Israel for the salvation that was promised in the coming of the Messiah. And he in his coming and his teaching made this clear to all who were willing to free themselves from the traditions and usages by which the souls of men had been bound for all the centuries that had passed.

And there were a few humble, sincere ones who heard him gladly, for it was then as it is now, that only the simple-hearted were willing to accept the truth as he taught it,—the sorrowing ones seeking help, seeking rest for the weariness of the body, the weariness of the soul. He said to these, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me,"—and here, precious friends, comes in the grand culminating thought—"for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest for your souls."

This is what he taught concerning the part that he has in the saving of the souls of men. And shall we go from him and his testimony to those who see in him the representation and type of all the forms and ceremonies, the offerings and sacrifices, from the first effort of man to be at peace with God down to the tragedy of the Cross? Shall we turn to this act as the only means by which we may be saved? Shall we affirm that only as we believe him to have been God sacrificed for man, dying on the Cross to expiate the sins not only of those of his own time, but of all those who have lived before him, and all who would live afterward to the latest day of humanity upon earth,—are we to hold that only as we believe this can we have any hope or any part in the great salvation?

O my friends, when my mind is turned to contemplate this perversion of the simple truth as it was in Jesus,—of how men have labored to make such a mystery of salvation that only the learned ones can follow the idea and reach to that which is real and lasting,—when I think over it all, I feel like lifting up my heart in thankfulness that though the Apostle declared that not many of the learned and mighty ones have been called into the simplicity of the Gospel as taught by Jesus, it meets the want of every earnest, seeking soul, every soul that in meekness and lowliness of heart is following Jesus in the way of his coming to that soul; following him in all that relates to his intercourse with his fellow-men, — following him in his intercourse with the Father, who, he declared, was not only his Father, but our Father. That relationship makes Jesus our brother, not our God to be sacrificed by another part of himself that we might escape the punishment due our transgressions. O my friends, Jesus never so taught, and the instincts of our own souls if yielded to,—the natural instincts that God has given to every one of us,—revolt from the thought of being saved through the sacrifice of the purest, holiest son of God that has ever walked the earth. The soul turns from the thought, and would rather bear its own iniquity, if it is true to the highest instincts that God has placed in the human heart,—would rather bear its own iniquity than owe its salvation to the cruel, cruel scourging and death of the Immaculate One. And it is a precious thought, that brings gladness to my heart, that the world is rising out of this, and coming to understand what the believing in the Lord Jesus Christ is, which saves us.

Precious Friends, if this does not seem clear to you now, rest under it. I found ten years well spent in struggling through the question of what salvation by Jesus Christ meant, and it seemed to me that when the answer came and the truth was revealed that emancipated me from the errors of tradition and theology as I then saw them, that twenty years — thirty years — would have been as naught to the joy and peace that came with believing in the Lord Jesus Christ in the way of his coming to save men; and so may you find it if any of you have up to this time felt that you must rest your salvation upon what was done for you by another. The true atonement is that coming to be at one with God, through living the life of the blessed and holy Son, who could say: "I do always the things that please my Father in heaven."

Precious young Friends, I am glad so many of you are here. I want you to start right in the world on this great question of "What must I do to be saved?" and starting right is not by accepting from this one what he says, or what another says, but to inquire for yourselves; you are not, any of you, too young to make this a matter of investigation, each for himself or herself, and as you investigate, divest yourselves of every other desire but to know what you must do to be saved, to be preserved in the innocency of that life which your Heavenly Father breathed into you, to be preserved from yielding to temptations, to those appetites and desires which in their proper exercise are all given us for the development of the highest and holiest purposes in life, but perverted become the chains that drag down to the very pit of destruction. Learn, precious ones, how that preservation shall be accomplished, and accept the Lord Jesus Christ in the way of his coming to each one of you. Here comes in that great thought of the present age, the thought of individual accountability, started in the Christian Church by George Fox, who, when a question arose in regard to some article of adornment, made answer, "Wear it as long as thou canst," or words of like import, recognizing the perfect right of private judgment in all those things that relate to our peace with God; and this is one of the foremost questions in the church to-day. Even those denominations that have been bound with creeds as with bands of iron are finding that this question must be met. We have never been bound in this way, but we are bound by tradition and usage. Happily for you who are now coming to the front and taking your places in the work of the Church, these bands of tradition and usage are weakening—are coming to be but as wisps of straw when compared with the higher obligations we owe to each other and to God, who has given us the right of deciding for ourselves all questions that pertain to our relations with him.

This great truth of believing in the Lord Jesus Christ, believing in the Christ-Power as we would express it,—"the Power that makes for righteousness," as one of our modern writers has said,—that Power which in the fullness was in Jesus, and enabled him always to do the things that pleased his Heavenly Father,—that is the saving power. Precious young Friends, if you have not set out with that as the leading thought of your lives, consider it well. Consider that this is the most momentous question of your lives; that upon your decision as to what you can do to be saved, will rest all the future of your lives here; and that the life hereafter will be influenced by your decision now.

I would that I might be made the instrument this day to awaken some of you to this thought, if you have never been awakened to it before. I would that our Father might so inspire me with this great truth that the influence will reach to every heart,— to those who have just been awakened to the thought, and to those of you who, having traveled thus far through life, understand better the meaning of what we must do to be saved. Oh that all may be encouraged to be faithful to the revealings of the divine Law in our own souls, that we may carry about with us that peace of God which under every circumstance of our human lives will bless, strengthen, and encourage us to go on as He leads us, as He directs us.

What is life as we come to the silent shadow of its declining sun, to that man or that woman who in looking back finds that it has been spent so that it yields only thorns to his or her soul? What has such a person to look forward to in the future? Those who believe in a place of material punishment show in ghastly pictures the soul writhing in torment. Believe me, precious friends, there is no picture that man can make of that outward torment which can compare with the torment of the soul that, looking back after a pilgrimage of three or four score years, finds it has gathered nothing but apples of Sodom, beautiful to the outward eye, but filled with dust and ashes inside. Dear friends, let none of us feel that we have no need to be saved, that we need not ask for divine preservation; let none of us feel that we have gotten so near the sanctuary of the inner court that we need have no fear of stumbling. All along our pathway we need guidance, we need help; and our Father in heaven has promised, through the testimony of those who have lived faithful and true lives, that He will be with us, that He will even go with us through the deep waters of affliction, that He will guide us through all the perils of this transitory existence, and as we lean upon Him and trust in Him, He will bring us safely across the Jordan of death into the beatitudes of eternity.

May this be the portion of every soul here present, is the earnest prayer of my heart.

POEMS.

Poems.

MY CHILDHOOD HOME.

SWEET home of my childhood, how dear the remembrance
Of the bright sunny days of my juvenile years,
How mem'ry reverts to each trivial occurrence,
That filled me with gladness, or bathed me in tears.

How well I remember the cool bubbling fountain,
Where oft I have strayed at the close of the day,
And I've thought, as the night drew around me its curtain,
The bliss of those moments could never decay.

The woodland where often I've wandered in gladness
With the friends of my youth in summer's gay bloom,
The church-yard where too, in our moments of sadness,
We've sat 'neath the willow that hung o'er the tomb.

The dear little school-house that stands on the green,
Though rude in appearance and rustic in form,
Revives the remembrance of many a scene,
More dear to my heart than the blushes of morn.

For 'twas there I first conned o'er the lessons of truth,
First drew from the well-springs of history's page,

There spent the bright days of my childhood and youth
In laying up knowledge for coming old age.

How pure and unsullied the joy I have felt
On the clear Sabbath morning, when, clean and well dressed,
By the side of my mother I've solemnly knelt
In the moss-covered chapel and prayed to be blest.

Though many a summer has fled since I strayed
By the side of that fountain, or played on the green,
Or roved through the woodland, or sat 'neath the shade
Of the fragrant magnolia and gazed on the scene;

Though o'er many I loved who were noble and gay
The wild flowers in native simplicity bloom,
Who have passed from this earth like a dream of the day,
And now tranquilly sleep in their cold, narrow tomb;

And adversity stern has compelled me to part
From the scenes of my childhood for others as fair,
Still that sweet little village is dear to my heart,
As when in my girlhood I breathed its pure air.

1839.

THE BIRTH-DAY.

Tread lightly on the sod
Of thy departed years;
Be tender of their broken links,
And mindful of their fears.

The loves of youth's bright dawn,
The hopes of manhood's day,
The flow'ry paths that, all untrod,
In life's fresh morning lay,

Are woven in the web
And fibre of thy soul;
The finest thread that fancy draws
They color and control.

And as the shuttle flies,
Weaving and weaving on,
With deeper tints, this costly web,
Begun in childhood's morn,

Let not the work be marred
By shadows of regret;
It needed all the changing hues
A fair design to set.

The lines by passion warped
Will round, in graceful curve,
To beauty,—moulded and conformed
By gentle hand of love.

Be brave if fortune frown,
Be humble if she smile;
A steadfast faith and manly trust
The roughest paths beguile.

TO MY SISTER EMILY,

ON HER SILVER WEDDING DAY.

FROM the heart's best vintage, sister mine,
I pledge thee anew in love's old wine,
That hath no sting, but "moveth aright"
To cheer and bless on this festal night.

A silver wedding! And thou the bride!
But not in the flush of maiden pride.
As *matron*, *mother*, and honored *wife*
Thou wearest the triple crown of life.

And he who hath borne the strain and wear
In thy sweet service this many a year,
Cherishes still with right loyal art
The priceless gem of thy trusting heart.

Wooing and winning in love's own way,
Nearer and dearer as wanes the day,
Each to the other more closely bound,
While time moves on in its ceaseless round.

How swiftly have rolled these years away,
How calm it looks where the shadows lay
That darkened the path and dimmed the sight,
While groping along to find the light.

And gladder days are remembered still,
When the hours danced on at love's sweet will,
Where fragrant blossoms rich perfume shed,
And the heart kept tune to their lightsome tread.

Not higher renown may mortals know,
Nor purer pleasures can earth bestow,

Than cluster around the trusting heart
That faithfully bears a woman's part.

That faithfully bears,—and calmly braves
The baffling storms and the swelling waves,
That beat the shores of the *world's* unrest,
But harmless fall on her peaceful breast.

Oh long may the crown so bravely won,
The guerdon of duties nobly done,
Rest on thy brow, and the peace it brings
Give blessed foretaste of heavenly things.

1876.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

INSCRIBED TO SHARPLESS AND RACHEL MOORE.

Fifty years to be wed;
Two hearts blended in one by tender art
Of love's sweet alchemy, and vows that said,
One until death shall part!

One in the aims of life,
In its cherished hopes, in its anxious fears;
Bearing together the worry and strife
Of all the changeful years.

Years that had Pisgah tops,—
Fair lands of promise, lying green before,—
O'er-arching skies,—with precious manna drops
From heaven's exhaustless store.

And years when brooding care
Sat like a shadow grim on brow and heart,
And each for other's sake made haste to bear
The sadder, heavier part.

What wealth of patient trust,
Of brave endeavor, faith, and steadfastness
These lives have gathered up; not moth nor rust
Can make such treasure less.

What memories cluster round
The dear home centre, in a golden chain;
As thought recalls, how the quick pulses bound,
But some come not again.

No cherished good has earth
So dear to man as home, wife, children; all
It holds beside to him is little worth
If these he may not call

His own by right divine;
And, woman, *loved*, whatever else she lack,
If husband, children gather at her shrine,
Wins the lost Eden back.

The sacred altar flame,
Lighted by love's own torch when hope was new,
And thought and purpose firm, still glows the same,
As bright, as warm, as true.

And He, that leads His own,
From youth to age, through all the devious way,
In the short journey *one* must make alone,
Will be the staff and stay.

Long may the setting sun
Linger above the golden tints of even,
And sweet acceptance, when the day is done,
Give peace and joy in heaven.

1883.

THE ANGLER.

Deep in the forest's leafy shade,
Afar from busy marts of trade,
Are sedgy pools and mountain streams,
Fair as youth's fairest, brightest dreams.

Through parting boughs the sunbeams stray
To brook and pool with fervid ray.
The mossy sod of sombre hue
Shows glints of color shining through.
The breath of mountain—frosty, chill—
Creeps down its slopes; each tiny rill
That leaps and runs past crag and seam
Its freshness bears to lake and stream.

To such cool shade, such limpid brook,
The angler comes with line and hook,
From ponderous folios bristling o'er
With stolid ranks of office lore,
To tempt, with his enticing fly,
The speckled troutlet whisking by
In frolic mood, on pleasure bent,
The cunning angler's bold intent
Discerning not, till line and hook
Have drawn him from the running brook.

What rare delight our angler finds
As down the stream he slowly winds,
While cruel hook and wriggling fly
Tempt other sportive passers-by.

He draws them in, now large, now small ;
With steady hand he gathers all.
With what content he swells his store,
What pleasure feels to count them o'er.
Now ready for the housewife's pan,
In cool, fresh sedge and moss, the can
Receives the speckled beauties rare,
Worthy a royal monarch's fare.

Thanks to the angler for the thought
That to our board such dainties brought,
May the sweet haunts of wood and stream
Bring more of health than fondest dream
Gave promise, when with rod and pack,
He started on the angler's track.

1891.

WAYSIDE BEAUTY.

Not alone in garden fair,
Tended with unwavering care,
Culled from regions wide apart,
Bloom the flowers that touch the heart.
If we seek for we shall find,
Waiting the observant mind,
In the humblest, lowliest place,
Things of beauty and of grace.

By the wayside, as we go,
Softly creeping, bending low,
Struggling upward to the sky,
Blushing tints of marv'lous dye,
As the sun, with loving ray,
Kisses back the dewy spray,
Thrill with new-found life and light
Leaf and bud and blossom bright;

Find we flowers we love the best,
Flowers that charmed the childish breast,
Wakened in the youthful heart
Love of beauty, glimpse of art;
Taught the grateful thoughts to rise,
From each new and glad surprise,
To the One whose wondrous power
Framed the world and paints the flower.

Kane, Pa., Sixth month 5th, 1885.

TOUCH NOT, TASTE NOT.

TO H———

Turn from the foaming goblet,
  The sparkling wine-cup shun,
While youth and health and gladness
  Through all thy pulses run.

Touch not! for safety only
  Lies in the fearful thought,
Who handles is to misery
  And hopeless ruin brought.

Beware of him, the Tempter,
Who under friendship's guise,
The "social glass" will proffer;
Be watchful and be wise.

Think of the noble manhood
Thy young life holds in trust;
Nor let its robes of promise
Fall trailing in the dust.

Think, too, of those, the weaker,
Whom thy example leads
Adown the paths of folly,
Or up to noble deeds.

Remember all the anguish
A woman's heart must feel,
When from their midnight revels
Her loved ones homeward reel.

And strong in manly purpose,
With *firm* and steadfast will,
Go forth, as God shall lead thee,
Life's mission to fulfil.

1886.

WEDDED.

TO B. AND E. G.

The earth is full of gladness, everywhere
The fountains of her joy o'erflowing, bear
To listening ears sweet strains of melody;
Bright visions of delight to eyes that see
And understand how fresh and full and free
The endless circuit of her harmony.

Life has its rills of gladness gushing out
From springs deep hidden in the human heart
    At love's sweet bidding; heeding not the way,
    Or rough or smooth they flow, so that the day
Shine bright within, and blest commingling give
To budding hopes the bliss of life to live.

As walked the lowly ones in sweet accord,
The chosen guardians of the promised Lord,
    So walking, they who follow where he leads,
    In blessed sympathy of loving deeds,
Find in their trusting faith and kindly care
The long-lost Eden of the primal pair.

THE SNOW.

The beautiful snow! How fast it falls,
Covering the roads and hiding the walls,
Clothing the fields so brown and bare
In robes as white as the angels wear.

The naked boughs of the maples red,
And the lowly cedars with arms outspread,
And the rugged pines transfigured stand,
Under the spell of its magic hand.

Atoms of crystal, and jewels rare,
Fall on the ground and float in the air;
Bush and bramble, to wondering eyes,
Blossom in lilies dropped from the skies.

Pure and lovely, but cold, is the snow;
Yet warm, fresh life is sleeping below,
And safe from all harm will snugly lie
Till waked by the south wind bye and bye.

1883.

LOVE'S GREETING.

TO MY COUSIN L. M. AND WIFE.

The greeting that my heart indites
My hand must needs convey,
To you, my loved and loving friends,
On this auspicious day.

I may not stop the wheels of Time
That ever onward roll,
Full freighted with assortment large,
To the appointed goal.

But memory, with unflagging step
Close following, notes with care
Each part and parcel, great and small,
Or valueless or rare,

Of the great load; and way-bill keeps,
That each may know his own,
May watch the present as it goes,
Or summon back the flown.

Roll on, old Time! We'll heed thee not,
Nor marvel at thy store;
Memory shall check our portion out,—
Roll onward, as of yore.

You say the silver marks our locks,
  The crow's-feet track our face;
Begone with such old musty things!—
  To-night they have no place.

But nearer come, sweet memory,
  Unroll of years thy store,
Shake out the pictures bright and fair
  That dot thy pages o'er.

First, by fair Nanticoke's full tide,
  A blithe, warm summer day,
With doll and dog, and boat and rod,
  A group of children play;—

Keep house 'neath fragrant pine-bough shade,
With fresh pond-lilies interlaid,
Anear a drooping cypress grove,
Where built her nest the sweet ring-dove.

Now on the wave the oar they ply,
Now stop mid-stream to catch the fry,
Now shoreward turn with laugh and song
That wake the echoes loud and long.

I mind them all, I mark each face
  Of that young, joyous band,
That sat beneath the pine-bough shade,
  And romped upon the sand.

But onward now the canvas moves,
  In deeper tints arrayed,
No longer by the flowing stream
  Those gladsome children played.

But some upon the salt sea wave
Its seen and unseen dangers brave,
Some by the fount of learning bloom,
Some turn the wheel or guide the loom.

Some in sweet love of home-bred care
For kindly word or deed prepare,
Beguiling oft the busy way
With tender thought of life's young day.

And ever as the record turns
Does some fair picture rise
Of cherished friend, and love of yore,
In glad and sweet surprise.

And shall we think of furrowed cheek,
Of foreheads touched with gray,
While on our scroll such beauty lies,
Such pictures dot our way?

There is a time for gladness here,
A time for joy and mirth,
For thankful praise and gratitude
Amid the things of earth.

Then let us count our mercies still,
Give thanks for what we own,
Nor murmur that the darker clouds
Sometimes have overstrown,

The way our older feet have trod,
And broken to the heart
The summer promise of its prime.
Each hath its place and part

In Life's great plan, and yielding all
To one supreme control,
We gain the blessed peace of Heaven,
The birthright of the soul.

And over all the glorious light
Of God's free grace doth shine,
Giving us, as we walk below,
Glimpses of the Divine.

1879.

THE PET BIRDS.

Three little black heads all in a row,
Three little bosoms as white as snow,
Perched on her finger so soft and fair,
What are you thinking of, sitting there?

Hear you the wood robin's ringing note,
Heed you the song sparrow's quavering throat,
Out in the sunshine so blithe and gay,
Singing the bright summer hours away?

Long you for freedom to flit at will
Down in the meadow or up on the hill?
To build soft nests in the maple red
And sing to mother birds overhead?

O little birdlings, with breasts so white,
'Tis better, methinks, that the golden light,
As it breaks afresh in the early day,
Should waken in forest home thy lay.

'Tis better at heart's sweet will to roam
Than find in a gilded cage your home,
To sport with your mates in the flowing stream
Than by marble fountains idly dream.

Never, I ween, was maiden more fair,
Never had nestlings more tender care,
Yet out in the wild *wood* the bird loves best
To fold his tired wing and sink to rest.

1879.

THE CARRIER PIGEON.

Going? Coming? Bird most rare!
What hast thou for the maiden fair?
Bearest securely, on pinions strong,
Message from loved ones absent long?
Wonderful bird, of unflagging wing,
Words of cheer is it thine to bring

Over the mountains, over the sea,
To that far-off home, so dear to thee?
Swift as thou art, yet swifter still
Flashes the lightning at human will,
Through the mountains, under the main,
A touch and a click—it is gone again.

Long ago, when a valiant knight
Rode from his castle in armor bright,
To succor the weak, redress a wrong,
To break a lance with a foeman strong,
The carrier dove was his faithful friend.

A messenger swift and sure, to send
Back to his home, that his love might know,
As the hap might be, his weal or woe.

This is my message, children dear:
Incline your hearts to its words of cheer
Be bold as the knight to redress a wrong,
True as the bird with pinions strong,
And He who giveth to each this might
Will guard you and keep you in ways of right.

1872.

EVENING.

How sacred is the hour, how still the scene.
The quiet lake, scarce ruffled by the breeze,
Reflects the fleecy clouds upon its bosom,
The dark green drapery of the ambient groves,
The still more distant mountain peaks,
Rearing their bare and rocky summits far
Above the forest shade e'en to the clouds
Which cap their towering height. The twilight gray,
Enfolding all within her sombre garb;
The night-bird's note, the whip-poor-will's shrill voice,
The gloomy owl, high perched upon some bough,
Screaming her evening chorus to the wind,
These and a thousand minor things combine
To fill with melancholy pleasure him
Who in the depths of solitude does hold
Communion with his God, and who beholds
Beauty in all His works.

1843.

GROWING OLD TOGETHER.

SHALL we sigh for the years
That come and go
From childhood to age
In a ceaseless flow,
With the self-same story so often told
That "once we were young but now we are old"?

Shall we feel sad
That the evening is here,
That the shadows of night
Are creeping near?
And forget the darkness but leads the way
To the fairer dawn of an endless day?

The road may be rough,
Or gladsome and bright;
Heavy the burden,
Or easy and light;
What cares the heart that is true to its own,
While love's immortelles its wayside have strown?

To grow old together,
Walking as one
The devious journey
So early begun,
Its joys, its pleasures, its blessings to share,
Its griefs and privations together to bear;

This after all is the goal that is best,
That brings to the heart its guerdon of rest
When the worry and fret of its warfare is past,
And the peace of our God is its portion at last.

TO ALICE.

"Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

Soft little arms entwine
About my neck with loving, fond embrace;
Small, dimpled baby hands are laid in mine
With tender, winsome grace.

Fond, trusting eyes, that glow
Like stars in heaven's blue vault, look into mine,
And words of childish prattle overflow
From lips that seem divine.

And are they not divine?
Bearing the message of the Father's love,
To human hearts that else might fret and pine,
And fail to look above

To Him whose bounteous hand
Provides for every want the soul may know,
With childlike faith and trust that can withstand
Each treacherous earth-born foe.

O precious baby hands,
O tender, clasping arms, what waits for you
In this great world? One only understands
The work you have to do.

God bless the little hands
That clasp around our lives a golden chain,
Linked with sweet memories of broken strands,
That fuse and weld again.

Creighton, Neb., Eighth month 15th, 1886.

A BIRTHDAY SONNET.

The years they come and the years they go,
In one we are born, and one we know
Will bear us on to that unknown shore
Where birth and death are never more.
From childhood to youth, from youth to age
The lines are written on every page,
The marks we leave as we move along
Are faint and weak, or are bold and strong.
Faint, if our purpose is but to live;
Weak, if we take with nothing to give.
Giving brings strength, and blessings will bless
With a safe return and sure success.
The lines we make, shall we have them bright,
Glowing with beauty and truth and light,
The pages illumined with radiance clear,
Naught to conceal and nothing to fear?
This light that ne'er shone on sea or land,
Fairer than other light, will stand
When gone is youth and a silver crown
Usurps the place of the locks of brown.
Shall we blur these lines with fret and fear,
Blotting the pages where hope and cheer
Make glad the heart and brighten the way
That onward leads to the perfect day?
Be glad and rejoice, so shall these lines
More radiant beam as the day declines,
And its golden setting sweet promise give,
When years are no more, the soul shall live.

Eighth month 30th, 1870.

THE RIVER JORDAN.

"And all the Israelites passed over on dry ground until all the people were passed over Jordan."—*Josh. 3 : 17.*

At length they reach the brink of Jordan's side,
God's chosen people, and o'er all the wide,
The vine-clad plains of Canaan's fertile land,
Spread Israel's sons, a strong and favored band.
Long have they wandered through the desert wild,
Till manhood's cares pervade the blooming child,
And hoary age bends low, and death's grim shade
Hath in the dust their fairest daughters laid.
Their *leader* too, that wondrous man of God,
Now sleeps in silence 'neath Mount Nebo's sod.
Not one of all the host who first set out,
Save two brave souls, now claim the promised lot.
And now the swelling waves of Jordan roll
Alone between them and their long-sought goal.
They pause, for God had promised to divide,
At their approach, the dark and rolling tide.
The priests draw near, and on their shoulders bear
The *ark*, their precious charge, with anxious care.
Anon their feet the swelling waters lave,
Back rolls on either side the swelling wave,
Firmly, till all the host have passed, they stand
Till every one has reached the promised land.
Then from its yielding waters forth they go,
These holy men. Straight to their channel flow
The waves of Jordan. Onward in its course
Rolls the dark tide, as if no mighty force
Had bared its channel, dried its rocky bed,
And through its midst a mighty nation led.

1840.

PRAYER.

"Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also who shall believe on me through their word."—*John 17 : 20.*

Not for the faithful few alone,
  Who toil and sorrow knew,
By earthly friends reviled, disowned,
  And hated by the few.

Not for "the twelve," who left their all,
  Their flocks, their nets, their herds,
Gladly obeyed the Saviour's call,
  With joy received his words.

Not for the world the Saviour prayed,
  When bidding earth adieu,
For they his precepts disobeyed,
  And scorned his counsels too.

Nor for the Jew, to heaven alone
  Did Christ's last prayer arise,
Gentile and Jew in Christ are one,
  And all his hand supplies.

He prayed for all, in every age,
  Of every race and clime,
Bond-men and free, unlearned and sage,
  Through all the lapse of time.

For us he prayed, that we might share
  The blessings of his grace.
For us his holy words declare,
  In heaven a resting place.

1840.

BEREAVEMENT.

"All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me."—*Ps. 42 : 7.*

Around me "thy billows" roll,
  Beneath is the shifting sand,
Over me breaks the tempest,
  Afar is the solid land.

Out in the fathomless night
  I reach, with imploring cry,—
Only the baffling waters,
  Only the breakers are nigh.

Surely the Master will know;
  Surely, 'midst the wild storm,
Walking the waves, as of old,
  I shall see his glorious form,—

Shall hear his sweet words of hope,
  Shall feel the grasp of his hand,
Lifting my burden of grief,
  Bearing me safe to the land!

He comes: He is near to help,
  But not as I prayed. *His* will,
Not mine, is ruling the storm,
  And bidding the waves, "Be still."

Far over the wreck-strewn shore
  Creeps slowly the dawning gray,
But gone from my life the joy
  That gladdened the coming day.

The blue of the bending sky
  Lies calm on a peaceful sea;

The breath of the morning brings
Nor calmness nor peace for me.

I gather, with aching heart,
The fragments,—an empty chair,
A rose-bud that touched her hand,
A lock of her raven hair,

A soft flaxen curl—her own—
Reminder of baby ways,
A locket and chain of gold,
My gift in the bridal days,

A picture, sun-penciled and fair,
That caught with marvelous grace
The light of her beaming eye,
The smile of her radiant face,

A mound on a flowery slope,
Where the evening sunbeams fall,
Not a year of wedded bliss,—
And *these* are my all—my all!

Not all! In the heavenly home,
Safe housed from the storms of life,
Watching and waiting for me,
Is my love—my spirit wife!

The days, as they wear along
Over life's storm-troubled sea,
Nearer and nearer, sweet wife,
Are bringing me home to thee.

1878.

WRITTEN DURING A THUNDER-STORM.

How soon doth timid nature shrink,
And terror o'er us steal,
Amid the elemental strife,
The thunder's echoing peal.

How awful at the midnight hour
The lightning's vivid flare,
That fleeting through the darken'd sky,
From pole to pole doth glare.

In every blade of grass I see
Uprising from the sod,
Inscribed on every leaf I trace
The wisdom of a God;

Through all the trying scenes of life,
Its conflicts and its fear,
Its varied scenes of good and ill,
His providential care.

But more the thunder's lengthening peal,
The forked lightning's play,
Than all created things to me,
His wondrous power portray.

1839.

SOLITUDE.

I love in the holy calm of even,
To steal from the busy crowds
And gaze on the azure vault of heaven,
Or watch the passing clouds,

Then I think of those who in youth with me
Enjoyed this twilight hour,
That have passed from this earth like some fleeting cloud
Or some bright, untimely flower.

"WHEN HE MAKETH UP HIS JEWELS."

TO MY FRIEND, R. J. L.

Where are the jewels that sparkled and shone
In the beaming eye, in the gladsome tone?
Do the rolling seasons that come and go—
Do they hide these 'neath the cold white snow?

Alone with the shadows I sit to-night,
There is a glory without in the silver light
Of the clear, bright moon that is shining down,
Cold and serene, on field and town.

And there comes on the wave of the passing breath
A voice from the land of shadows and death;
I hear thy sad murmur, half uttered and low,
"My heart's with my darlings—under the snow."

Oh say not the forms thou laid in the tomb,
In the innocent beauty of childhood bloom,
Were aught but caskets of wondrous design,
Moulded and fashioned in beauty divine.

Moulded and fashioned by Him in whose breath
Are the issues of life. There is no death
To the spirit. Its allotment of clay
It leaves for the regions of endless day.

'Tis well with the babes, believe me, and rest
In the patience of hope. He knoweth best;
Ere long He will lift thy burden of care,—
Thou shalt see them again in mansions, where

Their angels do always behold the fa[illegible]
Of our Heavenly Father, in that place
Where sickness or sorrow may never come,—
The glorified spirit's eternal home.

In that beautiful land of light and life,
Away from all anguish and mortal strife—
Thy jewels and mine, forever secure,
Will shine when the ages no longer endure.

WHO?

"Jesus came into the coasts of Cæsarea Philippi."—*Matt. 16 : 13.*

Beside the wave-tossed coast the Master walks
With his disciples, talking as they go—
Perchance of the great mission of his life,
And what the end might be of all the toil
To him—to them—who leaving worldly gain,
Were following where he led through good and ill
To lift the burdens from the souls of men.

He fain would know
What was their thought of him to whom he came,
And all the wondrous deeds his hands had wrought
For their deliverance? Querying thus,
They hear him ask: "Whom say men that I am?"

They answering: "Some have said the Baptist,
Some Elias say, one of the prophets
Others thee have called."

Closer he questions,
And again they hear: "Whom say ye that I am?"
Oh what a moment this, beyond compare!
They who have ever stood before the eye
That searchest with the candle of the Lord
The secret chambers of the soul, where hid
Its holiest treasures are,—they only know
What depths the Master fathomed, drawing thence
The pearl of priceless worth.

"Thou art the Christ!
Son of the living God!" he hears them say,
And like a blessing on his waiting heart
It falls; a recognition of his claim
As Teacher, Friend, and Saviour sent from God.

As roll the ages down the shore of time
The question of the Master still is heard.
Still men are asking: "Who is he? This man
Who called himself the Son of Man? And why,
If he were truly God, as some declare,
A second Deity of woman born?"

Alas! for man,
That reading Jesus' words must needs forget
Whatever is of flesh must earthly be,—
The spirit-life alone is born of God.
Who is the Christ? He that on Calvary
By man was crucified? The quivering flesh
That felt the piercing nails and cruel spear,

And in the agony of mortal pain
"Forsaken" was? Could God be pierced so
By creatures he had made?

How stands the case?
O soul, make answer. As the truth reveals
To thy own conscious self, so let him be
To thee, or God "made flesh" or "Son of Man."
Believe in him the Father was, above
The common lot of man, though in us all
To bless and save, the new birth of the soul,
Which all must know, save him the chosen One,
Who tempted was as others, yet without
The sin that others knew.

Pure, harmless, undefiled
He walked the ways of men; the Sinless Man,
Type of the race, when passion, hate, and strife,
Low, earthborn, sensual, shall give place to love.
As breaks the sunlight through the mists of morn
So breaks the Light divine upon the soul,
Clearing its vision to behold the life
That answers to the life of God in man;
Soul speaks to soul, and recognizes each
The godlike that responds to God within.

"THE SINEW THAT SHRANK."

Gen. 32 : 32.

Through all the night,
In the dark shadow of the lonely way,
The patriarch wrestled till the breaking day,
Struggling with might.

Of what the odds,
Or who the fierce assailant, wist he not;
But this was in his heart, and he forgot
Not once that God's
Strong arm was round him, and would strength renew,
To struggle on the midnight darkness through.

The wrestler stayed,
For he prevailed not, and the dawn was nigh,
But, in the hollow of the Patriarch's thigh
His hand he laid.
The first faint streaks
Crept softly o'er the east; the nameless foe,
Seeing the light had come, cried, "Let me go,
For the day breaks."
Though maimed and bruised, unconquered still was he.
"Bless me," he said. He blessed him and was free.

The orient sky
Flamed with the glory of the rising sun,
And Jacob halted, for the strife was won.
His foe, still nigh,
Queried, "Thy name?"
"Jacob," he answered. "Nay, 'tis Israel now,
Thou hast prevailed with God, a Prince art thou."
But halt he came,
And halting went thenceforth; his checkered life
Bore traces ever of that midnight strife.

O soul assailed,
Take heart, have faith; thy night will soon be past;
Though halting Jacob went, day broke at last,
And he prevailed.

So in thy strife
The sinews of the flesh may shrink and fail,
The hope thou leaned upon may not avail,
But thy best life
Will stronger grow, the darkness disappear,
And thou, prevailing, find that God is near.

RESIGNATION.

The feeble hands that lay
Unused so long,
Weary from day to day,
Are growing strong,
And weak, frail pulsings feel again
Life's rhythmic flow through every vein.

The feet that gladly went
At call of need,
By love or duty sent
With word or deed,
At rest for aye, make haste again
To tread the busy ways of men.

To thee, O Love Divine,
I lift my eyes.
This heart shall be my shrine
Of sacrifice,
And every earthborn wish be slain,
That Thou alone within may reign.

Ah! little know we oft
The just beyond;
Hope lifts the soul aloft
'Till it has found
The heart's desire is unfulfilled,
And all its longings must be stilled.

Useless and idle still,
Only the soul
Keeps touch with earnest will,
As onward roll
The days that into months have passed,
Full freighted with the deeds that last.

The deeds that man has wrought
To bless his kind,
The righteous battles fought
With pen and mind,
To hasten on the glorious day
When sin and shame shall flee away.

Sometimes 'tis only given
To watch and wait
The shortening hours of even
Beside the gate,
Ready whene'er the summons come
To pass into the heavenly home.

If this my portion be,
Thenceforth to rest,
My hope, my all with Thee,
As knowing best,
And only ask for strength to pray,
Thy will be mine from day to day.

Second month, 1898.

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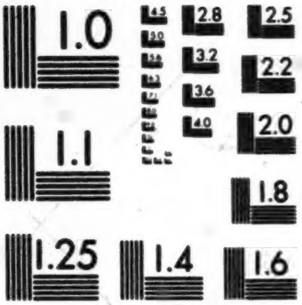
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